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No. 37069

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Not Realistic

MR Khrushchev has carefully chosen the moment to call for increased trade between Russia and America. It comes almost on the eve of the Eisenhower-Macmillan meeting in Washington at which a further easing of the embargo is almost certain to be discussed; and at a time when politicians are warning that five million Americans may be out of work at the beginning of next year because of the continued economic recession.

The Soviet leader's proposals might have won more genuine interest in America if he had proposed a more realistic basis for this increased trade. He wants the United States either to grant long-term commercial credits, or to pay for America's exports with Soviet goods. Neither is calculated to stir much enthusiasm among American businessmen.

Sceptical

WASHINGTON'S immediate sceptical reaction showed itself in official comments which pointed to the existence of legal barriers. Also President Eisenhower has had enough difficulty trying to persuade Congress to allow the Government to send aid to Communist nations. And his chances of securing long-term credits for a far from friendly country which has also defaulted on loan-repayment are indeed remote.

According to cable reports, the required goods which Mr. Khrushchev stipulated in his letter—incidentally, without stating quantities—are already exportable to Soviet Russia. In other words most are not regarded as strategically important, so there may in fact be no objection in principle to the kind of things that Russia wants. But here another difficulty arises.

The Administration has shown itself particularly rigid in refusing to allow its products either to be re-exported to China, or to assist indirectly in building up Russia's military potential. So unless cash-iron guarantees are forthcoming from Mr. Khrushchev on these two points and until Moscow proposes a more acceptable system of payments there can be no hope of a substantial increase in trade.

TITO SEIZES MOSCOW MEN

'Hostile Propaganda' Accusations Likely

Belgrade, June 6.

Yugoslav Security Police have arrested about 40 suspected pro-Soviet sympathisers in night roundups during the last two nights, informed sources said today. Those arrested were reported to include Vladimir Dapcevic, brother of a member of the present Yugoslav Government, Peko Dapcevic, who is secretary for transport and communications.

DE GAULLE WINS FIRST ROUND

Committees Bow To Premier

Paris, June 6.

General de Gaulle flew back to Paris tonight after his triumphant three-day tour of Algeria.

In Oran, Algeria, today, he warned the Public Safety Committees against encroaching on the functions of the established authorities, and told them they "must have no more revolutions". He told the All-Algeria Committee for Public Safety: "I expect your support without conditions and without reserve." A committee spokesman said tonight the committee supported General de Gaulle "without conditions and without reserve".

General Salan, whose swing over to the side of the Public Safety "takeover" movement in Algeria preceded the referendum, was also in Oran.

Details of the nature of the constitution the General will propose are not being discussed at this stage by any of his aides but may be available in brief outline shortly. General de Gaulle may also make some more ministerial or diplomatic appointments tomorrow. The newspapers are talking about M. Jacques Soustelle as Ambassador for Washington. M. Soustelle is the Gaullist deputy who went to Algiers secretly and after evading Algerian police supervision shortly after the uprising of May 13. Chief problem facing General de Gaulle while he prepares for the referendum on the constitutional changes will represent is that of keeping full control over

the committees of Public Safety movement. The impression in influential political quarters in Paris is that De Gaulle has already made an important step towards establishing his authority over any hotbeds, and that he will succeed in consolidating his position of authority here and in Algeria. At the same time there is in political quarters a feeling of uneasiness about the future.

Do Gaulle made it clear in Algeria that he is contemplating new general elections almost at once after the referendum on the new constitution. In the half empty lobbies of the National Assembly, officials on vacation till October 7, deputies are asking themselves if they will ever come back. The President of the National Assembly, M. Andre Le Troquer, who was very hostile to handling over power to De Gaulle, actually still has the right to convene Parliament, but does not appear to be contemplating such a step for the time being. M. Georges Pompidou, the head of De Gaulle's political Secretariat, saw M. Le Troquer, in order, it seems, to prepare a meeting between him and the General next week.—Reuter.

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Informed sources said the police roundup was of a preventive nature and concerned persons suspected of sympathies for the Soviet Union in the present Soviet-Yugoslav dispute, and especially persons who were gaoled under the same charge during the Communist offensive against Yugoslavia after 1948. The source said, Police raids were carried out during Wednesday and Thursday nights. The information could not be confirmed with Government officials.

It was understood some arrests were also made in the provinces but that most of the arrests were in Belgrade. The source said those arrested would probably be accused of "hostile propaganda" against the state. Other reports circulating here said several pro-Soviet Communists had escaped across the Yugoslav frontier to neighbouring Communist countries. In the earlier Soviet campaign against Yugoslavia, many Yugoslav defectors were used by the Soviet bloc countries to broadcast propaganda against the Tito regime.

Former Minister
Dapcevic, a former Colonel aged about 43, was released from prison in the last two years after serving about six years of a 20-year sentence imposed in 1950. He was sentenced after being caught while attempting to cross the Yugoslav border into Rumania in 1948 together with Arso Jovanovic, then Chief of Staff of the Yugoslav Army. Jovanovic was shot dead in the attempt.

According to Belgrade sources, those arrested also included Bane Andrejevic, 35, a former Minister of Mines and Ernest Radjevic, a former diplomat. Yugoslav Vice-President Aleksandar Rankovic said last month that some of the former "Communistists" were continuing to "act in a hostile manner, no longer caring when they will serve and how they will do so." Mr. Rankovic, who is in charge of Security, threatened action against "hostile gestures."

Not Serious
In 1948, after Yugoslavia's expulsion from the Cominform, many pro-Soviet sympathisers were arrested and many others defected to the Soviet bloc countries. Observers believe that this time the problem is much less acute and that any pro-Soviet elements still remaining no longer constitute any serious threat to the regime.—Reuter.

Released
Communist writer Tibor Tardos, imprisoned for 18 months last November in the "counter-revolutionary" trial of the writers Tibor Dery, Gyula Hay and Zoltan Zelk, has been released, the government spokesman said today.—Reuter.

52 Die In Huge Landslide

Calcutta, June 6.

Fifty-two men, women and children were buried alive in a giant landslide as they were sleeping in the open air in the Lohit division of India near the Chinese border.

The North East Frontier Agency reported this tonight. The victims were in two parties. One consisted of 32 men engaged in survey and road construction. The other party of 20 women and children were resting during a trek from one village to another.

The disaster occurred on May 27. The construction party were reported missing the following day by a village headman. A ground and air search was immediately started. It was discovered that the landslide, which covered a vast area, had created a vast artificial lake by damming the River Ait, a tributary of the Dibang, with thousands of tons of earth and boulders.

A section of the Assam Rifles equipped with blasting materials and supplied by air have begun clearing the area and digging for the dead.—France-Press.

NEW BRITISH MOVE AGAINST HONGKONG EXPORTS

By BILL RAVENSCROFT

London, June 6.

Hongkong manufacturers of a wide range of cotton garments including shirts and overalls may in future have to mark their goods with an "indication of origin" when they are exported to the United Kingdom.

A recommendation to this effect has been made by the standing committee respecting certain garments made from woven cloth for men, boys, women and girls following representations from manufacturing interests claiming to produce at least 70 per cent of the total United Kingdom output of these garments. Mr. M. K. Reid, Secretary of the Shirt Collar and Tie Manufacturers Federation and the Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers Federation told me today: "Imported garments largely from Hongkong are having a very serious effect on British manufacturers."

He added: "There's a possibility that unmarked garments are being passed off in the trade as British goods."

The fact that goods are being passed off as British has nothing whatever to do with Hongkong. It is done by the British distributors. We do not try to hide the fact that goods are Hongkong made."

In Britain a person buys goods to get worth for his money. He does not care where it is made as long as the quality is good. If it is cheaper than British-made goods he buys it, the spokesman added.

He said that if Hongkong goods have to be marked with origin, he does not think this will have any effect on sales.

DOCKERS SPLIT ON STRIKE ISSUE: NO EARLY RETURN

London, June 6.

A split over a peace move to end London's spreading dock strike today dashed hopes of an early return to work and sharpened the threat of big losses in perishable cargoes.

More than 100 men joined the unofficial strike today to swell the total out to almost 20,000. A tributary of the total labour force. A total of 118 ships were idle in the Port of London.

Mail Delayed
London, June 5. The British Post Office warned tonight that sea mail from Japan, the United States, Australia, Holland, Poland, Ceylon, Aden, China, and South America was being held up by the London dock strike.

Outward bound mail was also being delayed.—Reuter.

Leaders of the Transport and General Workers' Union suggested the men should return to work on Monday provided the employers withdrew all non-registered labour—one of the workers' main grievances.

But when this suggestion was put to mass dockland meetings today, four groups supported the call, two rejected it and a seventh group delayed deciding till Sunday. Meanwhile Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the T.G.W.U., held day-long discussions on the capital's five-

being passed off in the trade as British. Under the Committee's recommendation the mark of origin on specified imported garments must be "readily visible when the garment is sold or exposed for sale."—London Express Service.

Hongkong Comment
Commenting on the report, a spokesman of the Hongkong Exporters Association, said this morning: "This is just another effort on the part of British manufacturers to discourage Hongkong exports to the U.K. The British textile manufacturers cannot get a limitation of HK exports to Britain so they are trying to make things difficult for Hongkong in other ways."

Commenting on the cabled statement that unmarked goods are being passed off in the trade as British goods, he said: "The fact that goods are being passed off as British has nothing whatever to do with Hongkong. It is done by the British distributors. We do not try to hide the fact that goods are Hongkong made."

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Super-Carrier Launched

New York, June 6.

New America's largest carrier, the Independence, which cost an estimated \$212 million (about £76 million) and will carry an average of 100 jet bombers and interceptors, was launched here today.

He said that the Independence had both a nuclear and non-nuclear capacity. He added that "she can be used to support amphibious landings, to spearhead anti-submarine warfare by attacking submarine building grounds and bases."—Reuter.

America To Sell Nuclear Sub Engine To Britain

Washington, June 6.

The joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee has supported a recommendation that Britain be allowed to buy an American nuclear submarine propulsion plant, officials said today.

They said the Committee had agreed with a Government recommendation that the present atomic energy law be changed to permit a private American firm to sell the plant to a British firm. The proposed change in the law has still to be debated by Congress when it considers proposals by President Eisenhower that the 1954 Atomic Energy Act be amended to permit greater exchange of nuclear information with allies.—Reuter.

Macmillan Leaves For Washington

London, June 6.

Mr. Harold Macmillan left here by air for the United States where he will have talks with President Eisenhower.

Before leaving Mr. Macmillan told reporters: "It is a very good moment; I intend to talk things over in an informal and friendly way with my old friend the President of the United States and with the Prime Minister of Canada." He added: "I don't intend to have a formal conference but just to meet and talk over the different problems of the day. That is, in my view, a much easier way than messages and telegrams."—Reuter.

Lebanon Goes To Security Council

United Nations, June 6.

Lebanon said today the intervention in its rebellion by the United Arab Republic "is increasing both in scope and intensity" and asked the United Nations Security Council to take steps to end it.

Lebanese Foreign Minister Charles Malik said his government was compelled to ask U.N. action because the Arab League had taken no action on his country's dispute with the U.A.R. despite six days' consideration of it.—U.P.I.

Big Quakes

Pasadena, Calif., June 6.

Dr. Charles Richter, Director of the California Institute of Technology seismological laboratory, announced today that two earthquakes of a magnitude of 6.4 were recorded today at a distance of about 3,000 miles. Richter said the quakes were strong enough to cause damage in a populated area. He said the direction was unknown.—U.P.I.

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The World Famous Sherry
SPAIN'S BEST
the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain—and of course over here

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



PRINCESS

TO-DAY SPECIAL MORNING SHOW

At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents
Marlon BRANDO • Glen FORD • Eddie ALBERT

"THE TEA HOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

in Cinemascope and Metrocolor
Admission: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50



SPECIAL MATINEE
TO-MORROW, SUNDAY

At 11.00 a.m.

20th Century-Fox presents
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Admission: \$1.00 & \$1.50

At 12.00 noon

MEET YOUR CHARMING STARS
JOHNNY WALKER & SHYAMA

in **"CROCODILE MANTAR"**

Direction: M. SADIG

"A Rock 'n' Roll Musical Extravaganza Mingled With Magic Fun!" Don't Miss Your Chance.
— AT REGULAR PRICES —

Note: This film will not be shown in Kowloon.



TO-MORROW MORNING
SPECIAL SHOWS

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M Variety Programme
"TOM & JERRY" Technicolor Cartoons

At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents
Stewart GRANGER • Deborah KERR • James MASON

"PRISONER OF ZENDA"

in Technicolor
Admission: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50



SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX M. G. M.

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. Linda Darnell in

"FOREVER AMBER" in Technicolor

At Reduced Prices

FILMS Current and Coming

by Lucy Downing

"THE Brothers Karamazov" is the screen exposition of Dostoevsky's great novel, in which the author sought to probe the core of human behaviour. Wanton sensuality, and the resultant wallowing in suffering, enjoyment of the twists and turns of fate, exaltation of sin and penance, which the author lived and wrote, are all found here in the film which opens at Hoover and Liberty today.

This with the voluptuous lackleth of Russia of the 1870's, provides magnificent settings, rich colour and passionate characters portrayed by skilled players, headed by the fascinating Yul Brynner as a violent and reckless Dmitri Karamazov; Maria Schell as the greedy Grushenka, sometimes tender and childlike, or sultry with smouldering seductiveness; and the aristocratic Katya, played with distinguished desperation by Claire Bloom.

All this and traditional Russian gypsy music too. Fyodor, played exuberantly by Lee J. Cobb, is the devoted and sensual father of Dmitri, also of the intellectual Ivan (Richard Basehart); the saintly Alexy (William Shatner) and the illegitimate son in servitude, Smerdyakov (Albert Schmitz). The last-named gives a forceful and grim personification not easily forgotten.

Dmitri, always broke and up to his ears in trouble, refuses to accept Katya's reluctant offer to bestir her honour for the sake of her father's reputation and sends her away with the flamboyantly noble gesture which inflates his ego satisfyingly. Being a woman and puzzled by her first feelings of perverse plague, she falls hopelessly in love with the man she previously detested. Her dowry is coveted by Grushenka and Fyodor, who plot together.

The director has also expressed the view that "The Brothers Karamazov" does not take place in any specific street, town or land, but in the heart and soul of man. This is what he has managed to convey from the novel to the film.

★ ★ ★

At a cocktail reception held this week in the home and gardens of Mr. Torsten Brandel, Consul-General for Sweden, the suggestion was put forward—and favourably received—that a number of new Swedish films should be shown to a private group or club in view of the increasing popularity and output of Swedish productions.

It was expressly requested that "The Seventh Seal" which won a prize at the 1957 Cannes Film Festival, should be one of those chosen.

This film, a masterpiece directed by Mr. Ingmar Bergman, who has for the third consecutive time received an award at the Cannes Festival, is set in the Middle Ages and makes good use of Swedish folk lore and legends.

With macabre, horror a Swedish knight is confronted by Death as he returns home after years of suffering and frustration in the Crusades. He is challenged to gamble for his life and this time wins. His adventures with a group of strolling players and their colourful performances, the religious procession of penitent villagers praying from relief from the scourge of plague, consolation sought by passages read from the Book of Revelations and the final dramatic climax are highlights from a film in which Max von Sydow stars.

Sweden's internationally-known stars, numbering Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman and Mai Zetterling, became famous in Hollywood and London.

A new star is rising in Sweden where Anita Björk is acclaimed as an important actress. She has played Strindberg's "Miss Julie"; Hedvig in Ibsen's Brand, and "Amorina" a role in which she demonstrated competence and individuality.

Of the Swedish film directors, Alf Sjöberg is considered to have the most intellectual approach and he has gained a reputation as an unorthodox and ingenious film-maker and a sympathetic interpreter of modern drama including plays by T. S. Eliot.

and Broadway will attract youngsters of all ages who love cowboy and Indian thrillers.

Two of the young stars, Diane Varsi the ash-blond and the discovery of "Peyton Place" fame, and Don Murray, the powerful outdoorsman of "The Step," have fresh box office appeal, with their quiet sincerity and rare facility for making their roles as real as life.

With the theme of a boy who believes in non-violence, who through an accident is pursued by a posse determined to kill him, and his resultant degeneration to the actions and instincts of a hunter animal fighting desperately for life, the film is packed with action and surprising situations.

This Twentieth Century Fox film is the first under a long-term contract of Robert Buckner's productions, under director Henry Hathaway, well-known for his De Luxe colour shots of picturesque Western settings.

★ ★ ★

A SARDONIC gunslinger sought by the law, fist-fights glittering guns, handsome horses antagonistic Apaches and a sultry Mexican siren are the strong meat ingredients in the United Artists' traditional Western, "The Ride Back", at the Star and Metropole.

Western fans can curl up their toes and chew their fingers at this tale of "burning realism," horrors and hardships flicker before their fascinated eyes.

Starred in the film are Anthony Quinn and William Conrad, the latter is producer also. Quinn's sultry sweetheart is Lita Milan, temptress in love with a murderer being brought back to stand trial for his crime.

The high tension atmosphere is heightened by the psychological reactions of a man of authority aware that his perceptions are pitted against an adversary who is slicker and tougher than himself. There are fast reactions of clashing emotions, primitive jealousy and the warping of the Indians out for scalp. After which you will need a nice cool drink, even with the air-conditioning full on.

★ ★ ★
"MAN HUNT", a Western drama based on the bestseller "The Hell-Bent Kid" by Charles O. Locke, playing at the Roxy

Mr Anthony Fuller is on leave for three months.



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SHOWING TO-DAY
SPECIAL TIMES AT 2.00, 4.45, 7.15 & 9.45 P.M.



MARLON BRANDO
AND AN EXQUISITE NEW JAPANESE STAR IN
SAYONARA

CO-STARRING PATRICIA OWENS • RED BOUTON • RICARDO MONTALBAN • MARTHA SCOTT
DIRECTED BY JAMES HARTNELL
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM GOETZ • JOSHUA LOGAN • JAMES A. MICHENER • PAUL OSBORN

MO'NING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE At 12.00 Noon
"BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST" In Technicolor

ASTOR THEATRE At 12.00 Noon
"A TALE OF TWO CITIES" AT REDUCED PRICES

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2 SHOWS NIGHTLY:
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"SEX ON A HOLIDAY"

ROXY & BROADWAY

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
THE ACTION PICTURE OF THE SEASON!



BOOK EARLY!
BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "MAN HUNT" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
20th Century-Fox presents in CINEMASCOPE & COLOR "THE PROUD ONES"

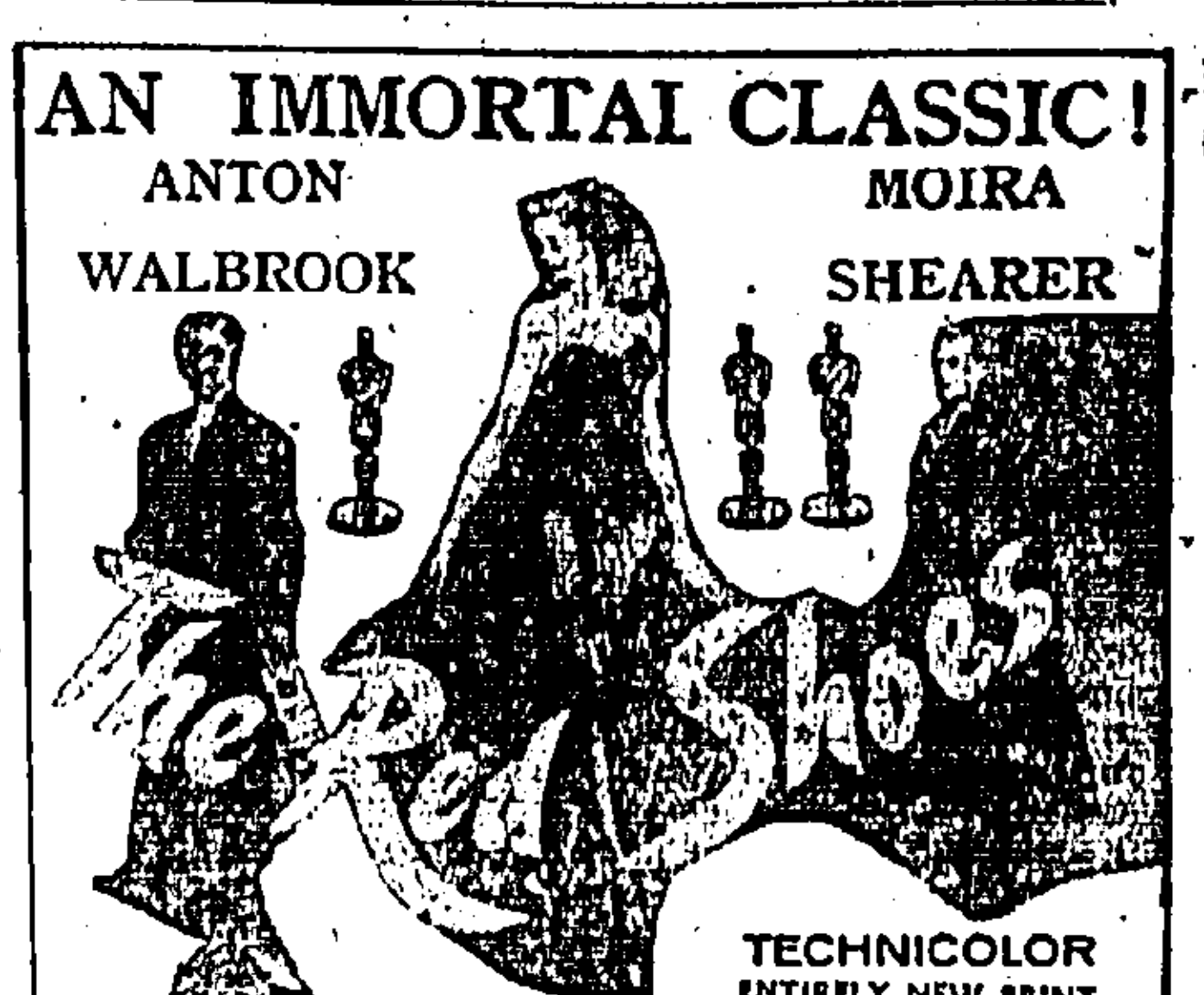
Starring: Robert RYAN Virginia MAYO
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL PATRONS AT 11.00 A.M. PERFORMANCE

At Reduced Prices

OPENS **QUEEN'S** TO-DAY

Please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 and 9.40 p.m.

SPECIAL PRICE TO STUDENTS
\$1.50 to Dress-Circle & Back-Stalls
For All Performances

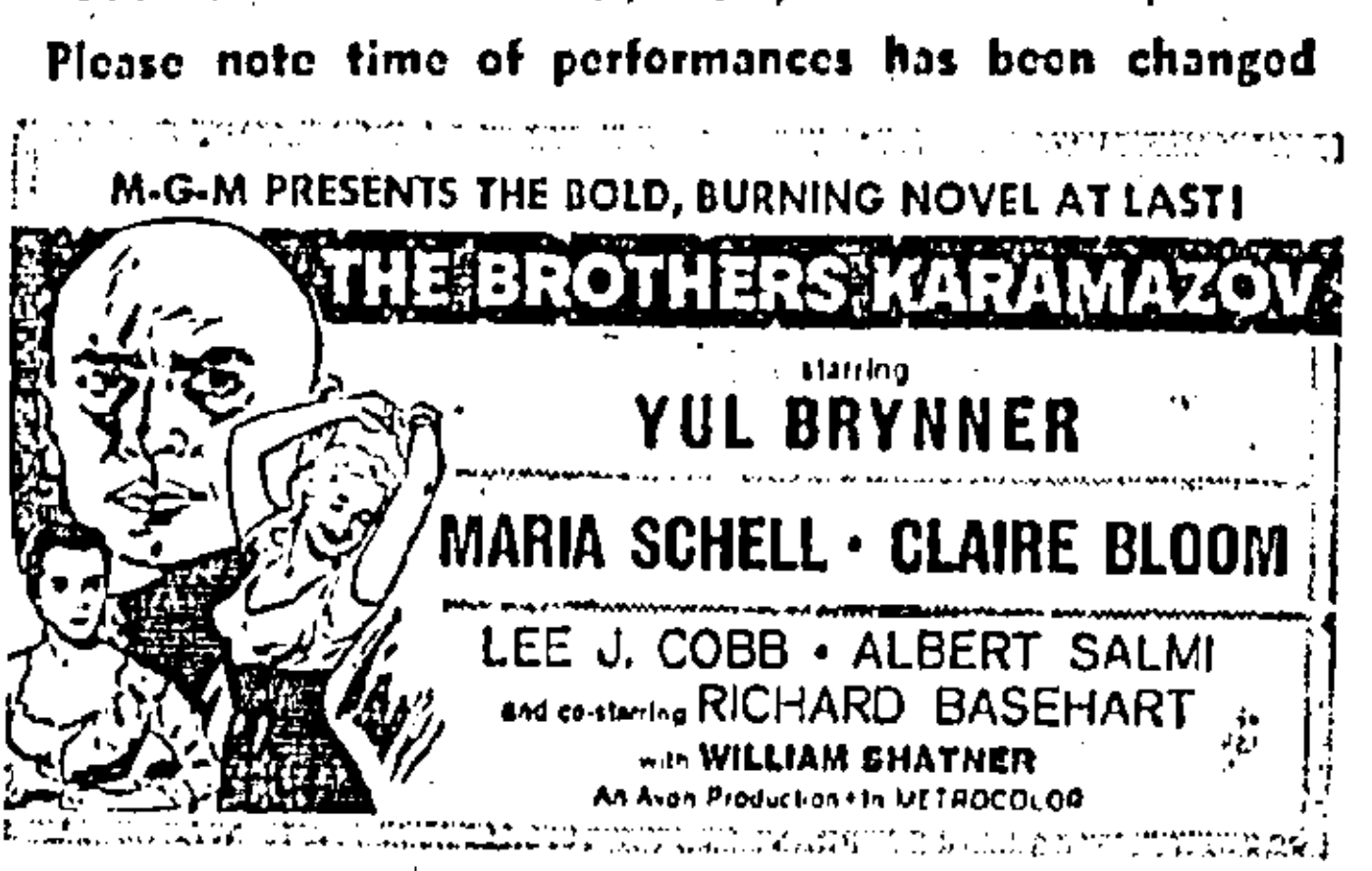


TO-MORROW — 5 SHOWS
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

HOOPER LIBERTY
CAUSEWAY BAY TEL: 78371 KOWLOON TEL: 80148, 80148

OPENS TO-DAY: 2.15, 4.50, 7.20 & 9.45 P.M.
Please note time of performances has been changed

M-G-M PRESENTS THE BOLD, BURNING NOVEL AT LAST!



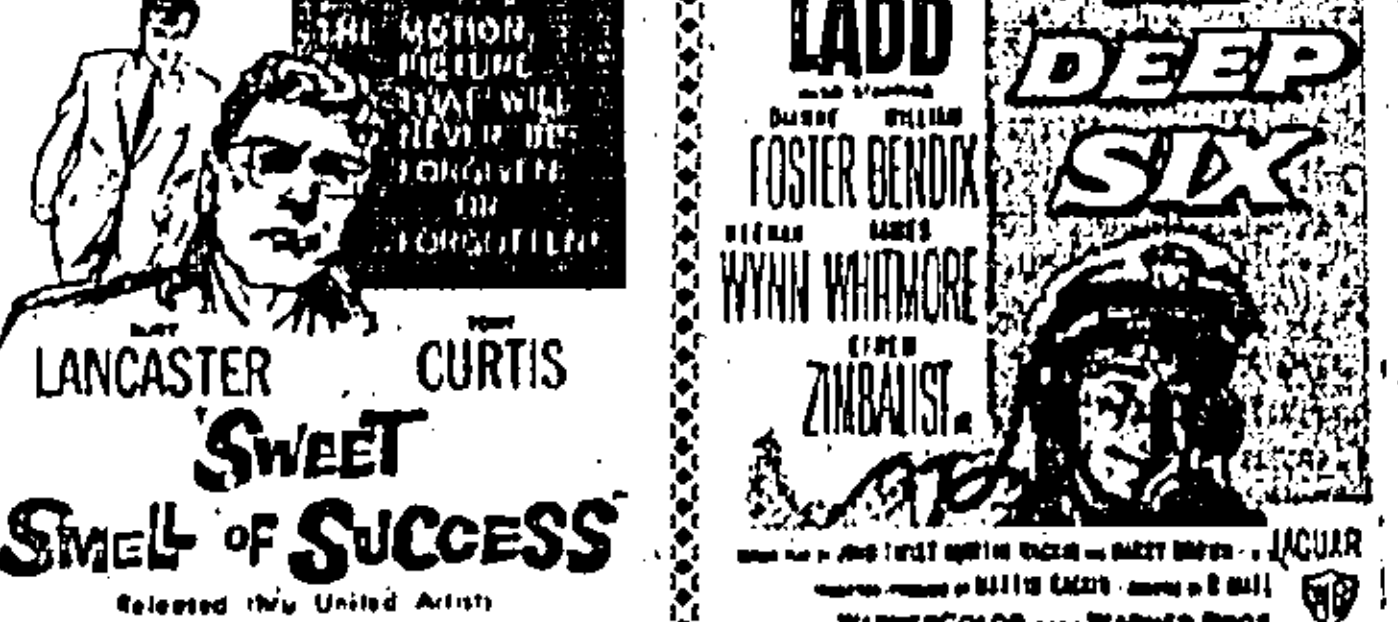
SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOPER at 12.00 noon
Judy Garland
Frank Morgan in
"WIZARD OF OZ"

LIBERTY at 12.00 noon
Gregory Peck
Ava Gardner in
"SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO"

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION
"KING KONG"
THE ACTUAL GOVILLA FROM
THE STAGE TO-DAY

TO-Morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
ROBERT MITCHUM in
"FOREIGN INTRIGUE"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
AIR CONDITIONED

FINAL TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-Morrow: "LONE STAR"
Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"PURPLE MASK"

TO-Morrow Morning Show
MARTIN & LEWIS in
"MONEY FROM HONK"

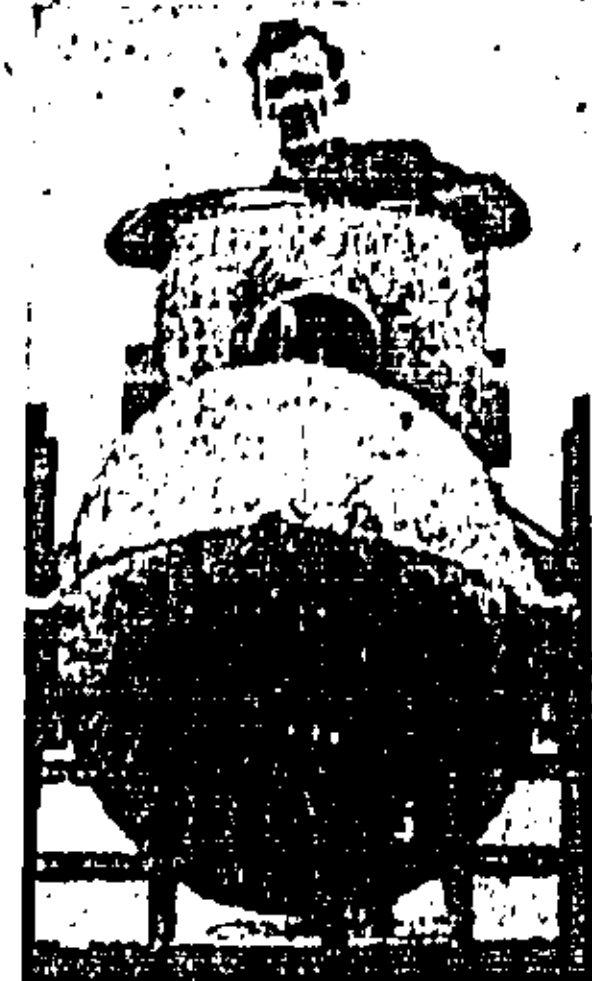
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

The JOKE From Outer Space

Home-Made Flying Saucer Hoaxes A Town

London. THE man who built a flying saucer and hoaxed a town confessed last week—and promised that he wouldn't do it any more.



INVENTOR RUSSELL With one man sub.

Nagging Wives Can Cause Chaos In Industry, Says Doctor

Eastbourne. NAGGING wives at home can cause chaos in industry, according to the theory of Dr Desmond Curran, consultant psychiatrist to the British Navy.

A troublesome mother-in-law may cause anything from a factory accident to a health breakdown.

And when a man tells the woman in his life, "You make me tired," it may be quite literally true.

HIS NOTIONS

Dr Curran expounded his notions in a paper to the Royal Society of Health Congress at Eastbourne during a session on "fatigue".

In his paper presented to an audience of doctors and social health workers Dr Curran said: "Clearly, overwork is not the only cause of stress. We would all agree that a nagging wife or a difficult forum can be and often are more potent causes of stress than either the hours of material conditions of work."

BREAKDOWNS

And, he added, "In assessing the problem of individual breakdowns due attention must be paid to non-industrial factors—domestic difficulties, mothers-in-law and so on."

Dr Curran refused to be drawn on how big a menace a nagging wife or a bossy mother-in-law can be.

"I can quote specific instances," he said, "but it is quite feasible that a nagging wife or other domestic difficulties may be the real cause behind some industrial accidents."

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR COAL IN COLOURS NOW!

Essen. Black as coal may be out of date as a description within a few years, Ruhr coal researchers said last week.

The industry's research centre has developed a spray that makes coal red, blue, yellow, and even white. Originally designed to cut down dust, the spray was later mixed with dye to produce the coloured coal. The experts hope coloured coal will find favour in homes still using stove heating, where the coal scuttle is part of the furniture. Housewives can choose a coal colour to complement their interior decoration colour schemes.—U.P.I.

Now It's "Smelly Telly"

London. "Smelllevision" is here. Inventor William Rose said he had invented a device for releasing different perfumes from a television set by means of an electrical impulse from the transmitter. By means of his "Smelly Telly," Rose said, viewers looking at a seascape would smell ozone and salt breeze. Garden scenes would produce flower scents. His experimental model contains four bottles of different scents, he said, but there was no theoretical limit on the number possible.—U.P.I.

Bachelors More Prone To Mental Illnesses

London. BACHELORS are far more susceptible to mental illness than husbands, a statistical review published by the Registrar-General for England and Wales showed.

Eight times more bachelors than husbands were admitted to British mental hospitals with schizophrenia, for example, the report showed.

It put forward no guesses as to why, and urged "caution" in interpreting the findings.

The review also said clerical workers, domestic workers, persons in parts of the catering trade and labourers were among the occupational groups most prone to mental illness.

"Why this should be so is open to speculation and it is difficult to separate cause and effect," the review said. "Detailed studies are required."—U.P.I.

EDITOR SAYS:

'Flare Look' For Men Is 'Ugly'

London. THE editor of Tailor and Cutter—the bible of the British men's wear industry—called the new "flare look" for men "ugly." He said it would be "remarkable" if the new look caught on.

The "flare look" was unveiled by 11 tailors from London's ultra-exclusive tailoring area—Savile Row.

WERE FOOLED

Editor Tom Taylor said women were "fooled" every year into wearing some new design, but this is the first time that a radically new concept had emanated from Savile Row.

He said the new styles were "ugly."

"But then," he added, "most fashions are usually ugly but all styles catch on and are worn by women."

The new flare look features flared jackets, cuffs and lacy neckties.—U.P.I.

London. Roy Wilkinson, aged 10, beat 4,000 girls in a cookery competition at Stratford, Lancs. His prize-winning dish: Four lamb chops and selected vegetables.

CHEESE DISCRIMINATION, SHE SAYS

London. The Communist Daily Worker bitterly complained about a kind of discrimination against the working class. Somebody is depriving working people of good cheese, the Worker said. "I met up with the food barrier once again," Gwen, the Worker's cookery columnist, reported.

"Can it be that some clever minds think that working class people cannot appreciate what is good in food?"

"When I went down to a well-known West End store, I could choose among dozens of English and foreign cheeses, all in beautiful condition. But when I buy locally the cheese has to be eaten within

Courtesy by a husband roused wife's Suspicion

London. HENRY BENTLEY did the right and decent thing in escaping home a woman whom he met at a social club.

But he did the wrong thing in failing to tell his wife about it, a judge said in the Divorce Court last week.

"In these days when Teddy boys and footpads are jinking in the streets at night," said Mr Justice Wallington, "it is almost a duty for a man to see that a lady comes to no harm on her way home."

NEVER EXPLAINED

But since Mr Bentley never explained the situation to his wife she could hardly be blamed for becoming suspicious, the judge added.

She called him names, humiliated him in public, and once scratched his face severely. But still he did nothing to rescue her from his association with the other woman was innocent.

"I think she acted perfectly naturally, and if he had acted equally naturally there would have been no reason why this marriage should not have been happy to the end," said the judge.

And he dismissed a petition by Mr Bentley, a 49-year-old stockbroker's clerk, of 1921 and based on Charles O. Locke's powerful novel "The Hell-Bent Kid."

MAKE UP

Mr Justice Wallington urged the couple—who were married in 1921 and have two children—to make things up.

"I hope they will make up their minds to put an end to this terrible friction and terrible separation which need not be permanent," he said.

But as Mr Bentley left the court he said: "A reconciliation? Not the slightest chance."

Said Mrs Bentley as she left by another exit: "I'll need time to think about it."

'CANNED' BOSS WITH PAINT

Newcastle. Paint sprayer, Alfred Johnson, flushed deep red when his boss kicked him off for idleness. He angrily kicked a can of blue paint at his boss.

Johnson, 23, was fined £10 and assessed £55 pounds damages last week after his boss, who fired him on the spot, testified.

"I checked him for idling and he went all red and kicked the tin. It even got into my hair," Alf said he was "niggled" at the complaint.—U.P.I.

SIMPLIFIES WORK!

London. In order to "simplify the work in this office," said the letter from an insurance company, quoted by Daily Telegraph columnist "Peterborough."

"I shall be glad if you will please make the following amendment to our existing reference when making future payments. The revised reference will now be: 1/84177/112483/116920/124880/104140, 3/87466, 31/152943."

If that new reference "simplifies work," the columnist said, "what was it like before?"—U.P.I.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Brothers Karamazov." The Doslovesky's great novel brought to the screen with brilliant characterizations, moods alternating from hatred to love, passion to tenderness (but rarely) and wild enthusiasm to depression. Threats of hell, hope of heaven, bitter repentance, glorious drunken happiness with Russian eyes, music, breath-taking beauty in sets and landscapes all in this \$84 million production. Symphonic, knowledgeable direction by Richard Brooks with clever contrasts of light and shade. At times this film is almost revoltingly scabrous, but it is also widely philosophical, giving glimpses of deep insight into many facets of human nature rarely revealed. Yul Brynner, Maria Schell and Claire Bloom lead a great cast in this MGM film which is entered by the United States for the Cannes Festival.

Quinn's Mexican sweetheart, gives a terrific tiger-cat performance, claws unbridled, William Conrad, actor and director, plays the part of the officer of the law, bringing to justice a man known to be capable of outwitting him at any turn. Complicated by marauding Indians, tension build-ups etc but the situations are overworked in spite of good acting.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Dean Gaster." A re-issue of the Paramount classic, which is well-worth seeing again, especially with the topical viewpoint of current affairs and present interest in the activities of the French Foreign Legion. This film, which was the cause of considerable comment when first issued, stars Gary Cooper, with Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Brian Donlevy, Susan Hayward and many other well-known Hollywood players.

ROXY & BROADWAY: 20th Century-Fox presentation in De Luxe Colour and Cinemascope. "Man Hunt." Ever-popular type of Western with the usual string of misunderstandings and characters at cross-purposes, enlivened with shots of visual beauty and the fresh appeal of Diane Varsi and Don Murray who bring youth, sincerity and box-office interest. They are supported by Cliff Williams, and Dennis Hopper. Production by Robert Siskner, directed by Henry Hathaway and based on Charles O. Locke's powerful novel "The Hell-Bent Kid."

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Ride Back." Good adult Western depicting a killer (star Anthony Quinn) being brought to stand trial for murder. Lita Milan.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Long Haul." A hard-driving drama of the teamsters' battle against mob control, featuring Victor Mature and British blonde Diana Dors. They are teamed in Columbia Pictures' film of gangsterism in the trucking industry, filmed in the North of England and Scotland, under the direction of John Huston. Although thrills are claimed to be non-stop, there is sufficient time for romantic dalliance thrills of another sort doubtless.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Rx Murder." Intriguing title of the New Temple Production starring Marjorie Gering, Rick Jason, Lita Milan and Mary Merrill. Based on Joan Fleming's British bestseller "The Deaths of Doctor Deader." About a "good" doctor whose wives died mysteriously. Will provide food for thought for all amateur detectives who like their thrillers interspersed with comedy touches.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Underwater Warrior." An MGM epic of U.S. Navy frogmen and their operations during World War II. Thrilling close-ups of the planning of limpet bombs and of trained experts averting the danger of magnetic mines. It stars Dan Dailly and Claire Kelly.

LEE & ASTOR: Scintillating, rhythm-filled comedy, bristling with love-interest incidents and starring attractive Jane Powell, chorus character, with Keith Andes, Cliff Robertson, Kaye Ballard and Tommy Noonan as co-stars. This RKO picture, produced by Stanley Kubrick, is set in a Californian beach resort on the blue Pacific with pink cloud interludes. Lively sets, dance routines by Gower Champion, six song hits including "All the Colours of the Rainbow" and "Crazy Horse" sung by Jane and the Children's Chorus will attract families looking for light and happy entertainment.

Swap Shop

Rome. The daily American carried this all-shock-up notice in its "swap shop" column: "Exchange: Ten rock 'n' roll Freddy records for gramophone or opera records."—U.P.I.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



AN unusual sight this week in the high street of the English coastal resort of Southend: soldiers with guns out. They were from the Royal Artillery garrison at Shoaburness, had just collected the unit's pay from the bank on the corner. Reason for the hardware was the recent crop of payroll holdups in Britain. The guns were for show only, however—they were not loaded.



PETER Manuel, 31-year-old woodcutter, was sentenced to death in Glasgow, Scotland, this week after being found guilty of seven murders. American-born Manuel, who conducted most of his defence himself, received the judge's sentence without comment and with apparent unconcern. Date fixed for the hanging: June 19. He had been convicted of killing three women, two girls, a man and a boy.

Express Photos

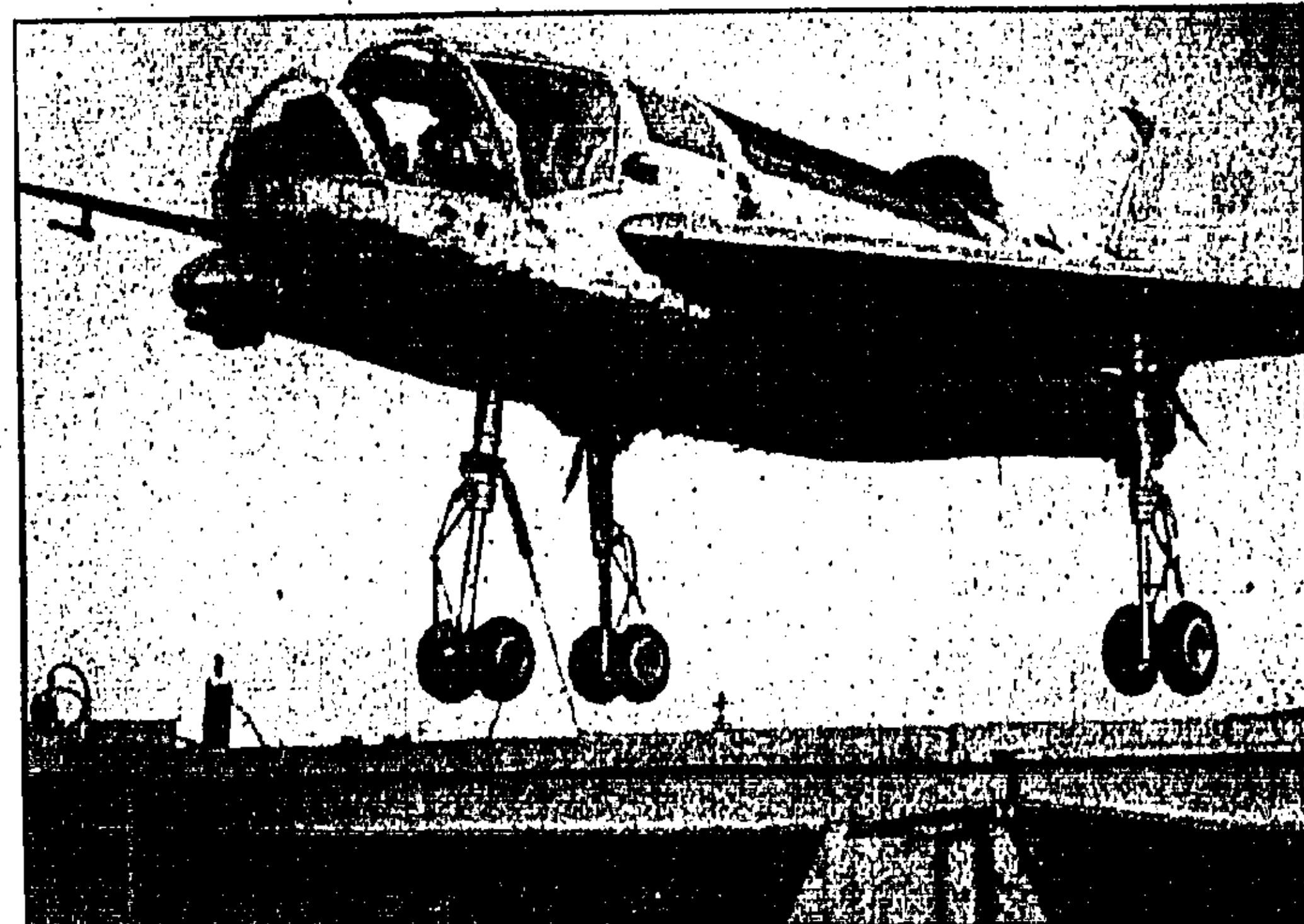
A casually-dressed couple were to be seen last week in London's Battersea Park drinking tea outside a pie stall. They were Rex Harrison (star of "My Fair Lady") and his actress wife Kay Kendall.

IN Cardiff, Wales, this week for the forthcoming British Empire Games, are these Nigerian athletes. They are, from left, Floretta Iyo, 24, (women's high and long jump), Victor Odofin, (100 yards and long jump), and Esther Ogbeni, 21, (sprint).

★
FOUR Russian actresses—members of the Moscow Art Theatre troupe which is currently playing in London—are seen in the salon of dressmaker Norman Hartnell watching a fashion show.



TO a London bus striker who stole 4s. 9d. worth of cheese and sausages, a London magistrate, Geoffrey Raphael, said last week: "I have not the heart to send you to prison. I wish I could send to prison the people who put you into this position." The busman, 26-year-old Ronald Bishop, is pictured at home with his German-born wife Elizabeth and their daughters Ute, 5, and four-year-old Evelyn. When Bishop is driving his bus he earns between £11 and £12 a week.



A new British jet plane which rises vertically is seen during tests recently in Belfast, Northern Ireland. The plane is the Short SC1. It takes off vertically, flies forward like an ordinary plane, then makes a vertical landing.



ITALIAN film actress Sophia Loren is presented to Princess Margaret at the recent premiere in London of the film "The Key," in which Sophia co-stars with William Holden and Trevor Howard. That's Holden on Sophia's left.



NO one thought Patricia Newton of Harold Hill, England, would ever speak normally. That was before she fell in love. Twenty-year-old Pat, deaf and dumb from birth, met Reginald Rigby at a dance two years ago. Reg managed to make her understand that he wanted to see her again and so their romance began. Reg spent hours teaching her to speak—was successful.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace
Thompson

Benzoin

An incense derived from the resin of *Styrax benzoin*, formerly an important trade item at Canton. (See description of Canton, page 137). The word probably came into English by way of Indo-Portuguese but it seems ultimately to have been a term used by Arab traders in the East Indies. *Iban-Jawi* or Javan incense, the latter being taken in India as the Arabic article. Folk etymology provides the English variant *banjamin*.

Bezoar

This is a concreted found in the stomach of certain animals, goats in particular. It was formerly much used in China as an antidote against certain poisons.

Trade in this commodity at Canton is discussed in *Description of Canton*, page 141. The word was well-known in Anglo-Indian and is derived from the Persian *padzar*, "pedlar" or "trader". The eighteenth century *Ao Men Chi Lueh* prints *pa tsar*, a loan-word from the Portuguese.

Bocca Tigris

I do not intend to publish proper names in this column as a rule, but here is one which can't resist. It is the name given to the estuary of the Pearl River which is *Fu Mun* in Cantonese and written *Hu Men* in characters.

This name was translated by the Portuguese as *Boca do Tigre* or "tiger's mouth" and written *Boca de Tigris* in an English source of 1747. *Bocca Tigris* is a ridiculous and incorrect Latinisation of the Portuguese name. One Englishman, failing to understand this name, marked the Pearl River Tiers in a chart.

Covid

This is an old name once given to a Chinese measure called a *Chieh*. It was divided into ten punts. The covid varied in value according to the use to which it was put, for it might be used for measuring lengths, areas or weights.

Hobson Jobson suggests, and I think rightly, that it is an Indo-Portuguese form of standard Portuguese *covado* which could be translated cubit or ell. The form covid has the appearance of a typical northern Indo-Portuguese word. Apocope is characteristic of that dialect.

Cumshaw

This word is still very common in Hongkong and is often used by beggars and facetious Europeans. It is one of the puzzles of Pidgin lexicography. The usual meaning is backwash or present. Hobson Jobson quotes Giles who says it is *kam-sa* grateful thanks in the Amoy dialect and Moule who considered it to be *kam-sau*, thank gift in Cantonese. Like the compilers of that excellent dictionary I prefer for the moment to keep a discreet and cowardly silence when discussions on its etymology arise.

There is no evidence that I know of to support the common Hongkong belief that this word originated in India.

Beche de Mer

This pseudo-Gallicism was the British trader's version of the Portuguese *Bicho de Mar*, sea slug. It is the sea slug, holothurid, or tripping, an important item in the cuisine of South China.

The traders who scoured the South Seas for this delicacy carried a pidginised English with them and gave it the name of their important cargo, with slight variation, *Beche-la-mar*. From this jargon Melanesian Pidgin grew.

NOTE: GRIFFITH, which appeared in last week's column, is not, as far as I know, a Hongkong word. How it got there puzzles me.

It must have wandered out of my note on GRIFFIN, one etymology of which, offered in Hobson Jobson, was raw Welshman (Griffith, i.e. a surname).

A Hongkong Short Story By Jean Gordon
AN AMAH'S FAREWELL

AH Sol's knitting needles clicked monotonously as she squatted in a shady corner of the garden.

Her sleek black head and flat brown face, with its protruding simian mouth, were bent over her work. Her mind's eye and slim brown fingers were intent upon the intricate pattern of a small boy's pullover which she had carried in her head since fingering the expensive one in the foreign baby shop that morning.

Her visual eye was ever watchful of the movements of her charge. Jeremy was happily pottering behind the garden cooie and his watering-can. His chubby limbs were as tanned as they could safely be allowed to get under the Eastern sun, which was too fierce for his tender fair skin. Ah Sol's eyes rested lovingly for a moment on the happy sturdy baby, and she sighed gustily.

"Dar-ling," she called, and when he ran to her gladly, laid her hand softly on his damp forehead to see if he were getting overheated.

★ ★ ★

"You velly biz' baby," she said fondly. "Jeremey no makee work too hard."

The voice that could be so loud and resonant when addressing the other servants was soft and caressing for the baby. Ten years before Ah Sol had left her own two babies with her mother in the Canton country and had come, a young widow of twenty-two, to seek her fortune in the great city of Hongkong, reputed to be so full of foreign devils that dollars flowed like water, and money, even as a baby amah, was easily made.

Ah Sol had not found it easy at first. Without experience, she had had to be content to work for anyone who would engage her, for a small wage and casual treatment. Having her employers, she had still lavished her instinctive tender care on her baby charges.

At last she was entrusted with her first European baby, and after that her sterling qualities ensured her being recommended from one family to another for a gradually increasing wage.

Missy didn't even take the time to see little Jeremy before the infant went to sleep, Ah Sol noticed with quiet scorn. How could the silly woman expect to take care of her own baby in England when she was practically a stranger to him . . . ?

Now she was an established high-grade baby amah, with a steadily growing bank balance—except for the holes periodically made in it by the claims of her lazy and good-for-nothing relations.

Her crowning joy, her charge, was one of the loveliest boys in the Colony. She enjoyed the "face" she gained when she took Jeremy out in his freshly tubbed sunsuit, with golden curls immaculately brushed, fair skin soft as satin, baby face alight with laughter.

And no amah could compare with Ah Sol for smartness, in her crisply laundered white coat, her shining braided raven hair and green soap-stone earrings.

Years of caring for other people's children had not lessened the agony of giving them up when the time came. Ah Sol now faced the unenviable fact: Jeremy was going home to England. Well, she could bear it if only she could feel sure of its well-being on that long, long journey. But all too clear was the memory of her last day's holiday, when by sundown the house-boy had been sent to bring her back from her mah-jong game because Jeremy could not be comforted.

★ ★ ★

All day he had cried, while in Missy's charge, and when bedtime came he had sobbed for Ah Sol until his mother had been distracted.

How could the poor silly woman expect anything else? She took little notice of her lovely baby, except to drop a kiss on his curls or from one of her innumerable pannies. Ah Sol had allowed herself to say on that occasion, in her soft husky voice, "He no savvy you, Missy. You makee frighten him," as she gathered the sobbing child to her hard flat bosom.

and soothed him in a moment. She had had her reward in his joyful crooning "Amah!" as he welcomed her back, and lovingly patted her flashing gold teeth with his fat little fingers.

Since then there had been no more days out for Ah Sol, not even to put her money in the bank or to allot her monthly portion to the institution which would care for her when she was too old to work—if her unworthy son should not be able to do his share in that respect. She kept the money now in her pockets by day and at night in her china pillow on which she still "rested" her head in the old-fashioned way. Now she only went out to market to buy her chow, leaving Jeremy in wash-amah's care rather than Missy's. He was quite happy if she promised him coaxingly.

★ ★ ★

"Amah go market, catehee some lee for her chow. Amah come back chop-chop."

There was a party at the house that night. Missy had no time to see Jeremy before he slept. Ah Sol noticed with quiet scorn. She helped the house amah receive the women guests, relieving them of their coats with smiling politeness, tripping to and fro on her naturally small feet.

Returning to the nursery, she inspected the sleeping Jeremy. She then removed her black felt strap shoes, and in her little cotton bodge and calf-length pants, lay down on her hard trestle bed in the outer room. She was asleep almost at once, head resting on the hard green-glazed surface of her pillow, arms folded crossly, but her delicate pointed hands and flat brown wrists quaintly statuesque and unrelaxed. Even so, the baby Jeremy had only to give the faintest whisper for Ah Sol to be instantly wide-awake and beside the cot.

During the night Jeremy began to cut a double tooth, and Ah Sol was awake for more hours than she slept, soothing his tears and his pain. Eyes red with sleeplessness by morning, she found it more than ever difficult to bear the thought that within a week Jeremy would be alone, perhaps in pain and misery, with the feeble Missy who did not understand and did not care. Unwilling as she was to part with him for any of the short time left, Ah Sol suggested to Missy should occasionally practise looking after Jeremy, while Amah remained in the background.

★ ★ ★

"No thank you, 'Ah Sol' was the casual laughing reply. "I shall have quite enough of him on the boat."

Then came the final desperate plea, borne of true love, and made in spite of dread of ships, the sea, and the awful sickness that came with them:

"You takes me too, Missy. I go England-side together you and Jeremey. I come back China-side byanby."

"I wish I could take you, Ah Sol." The gay voice was wistful for once. "But Master no can catehee money for more ticket."

So the matter was closed. The remaining days hurried by, with Jeremy's toothache little better and Ah Sol's eyes getting redder and redder as she passed night after sleepless night. It was during these wakeful hours, tending the small, hot, beloved body, that gradually her resolve was made. No one noticed the unfamiliar sternness of her usually smiling brown face, with its twinkling black eyes and double row of gold-filled teeth.

The day of sailing arrived. Ah Sol washed Jeremy's packing mechanically and washed and dressed herself and the still fretful child. They were to be on board at eleven o'clock, and all was turmoil until they were safely packed into the taxi with Missy and the final odds and ends of luggage.

At the jetty there was a seething mass of coolies, passengers and friends to say goodbye. Someone shepherd Ah Sol and the child on to the passenger deck of the great, terrifying white liner, and for a few minutes the restless Jeremy was made much of by the crowd of gay acquaintances drinking their farewells to his parents. One more observant than the rest remarked:

"Your amah looks terribly ill. Fay, but at least she isn't throwing hysterics as they usually do."

"Poor thing, she's devoted to Jeremy, and God knows I shall miss her, but we'll manage somehow!" was the cheerful rejoinder, with barely a glance at Ah Sol's stern, unsmiling face.

★ ★ ★

Soon she quietly detached herself and Jeremy from the crush of people, and climbed the gangway to the boat deck. From there she could see the wharves, waiting and, fascinated, listen to their creaking and whining as the final cargoes were loaded. Ah Sol drew from inside her bodice a square of cotton with four long strings. Jeremy was so engrossed with the unaccustomed sights and sounds that he made no objection when she kissed him, and she used this to tie him on her back. In fact he crowed with delight and patted her cheeks with his little soft hands.

Ah Sol then looked to the fastening of the belt, she was wearing under her white coat. It was very heavy, for it was made of many pockets, and every pocket was tightly packed with silver dollars. Solidified, she walked to the seaward side of the deck and climbed as far as she could round the outside of one of the lifeboats, just within the railings, so that she had a clear view out to sea and of the murky waters below.

There was scarcely even a sloop to be seen. All activity was focussed on the other side of the ship. Soon a bell clangled noisily. Ah Sol knew that was the signal for friends to go ashore. They would begin looking for her now. They would probably start with Missy's cabin. She would wait a few minutes longer. Her heart was beating hard but she felt calm and resolved. She knew she was doing right and that her ancestors would acclaim her. The bell rang again. She thought she heard a clamour below the gangway.

The moment had come. With a deft twist of her hands she drew the carrying apron over Jeremy's small head to that his only view was of her back, and scrambled agilely through the rope railings and so to the sea below.

Thus did Ah Sol fulfil her trust.

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RESERVED**ROUND-UP**

Russia's Rocket Build-Up

OVER two dozen rocket bases—suitable for rockets with atom warheads—are now ready for immediate operation in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Eastern Germany and Northern Hungary, according to information reaching here.

All of this area, it was suggested by Poland's Foreign Minister Rapacki, should be combined with Western Germany and other areas in Western Europe into an atom-free area.

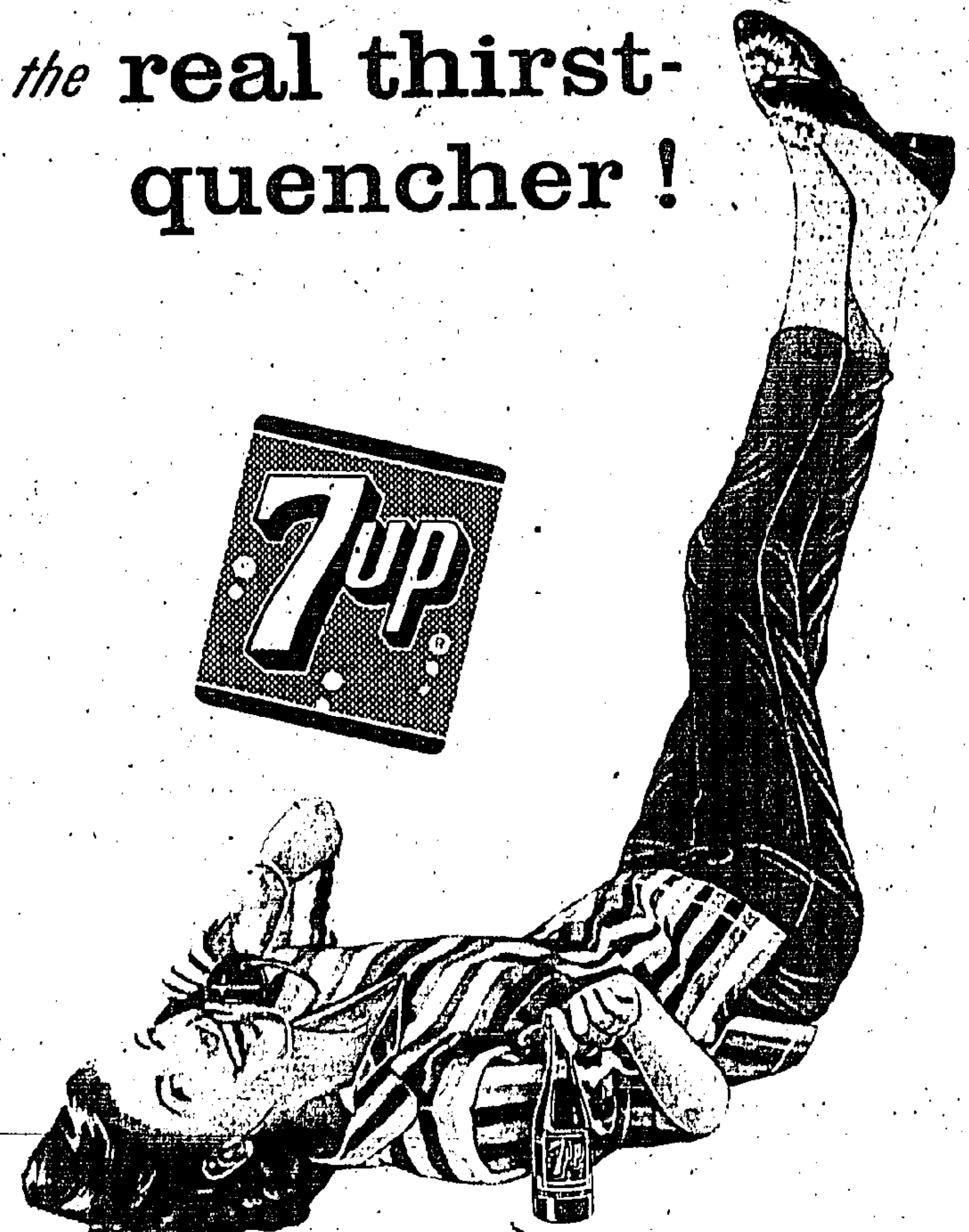
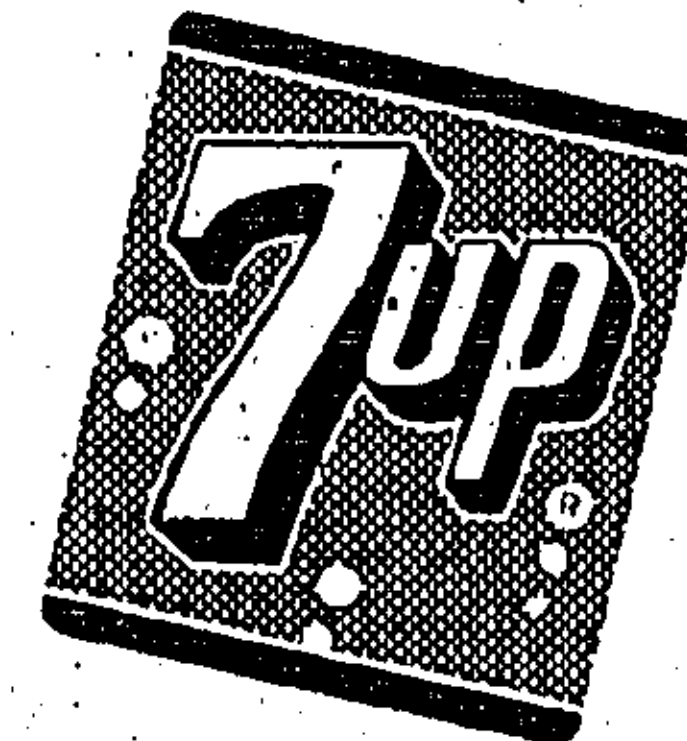
But while this plan is still being discussed by Western governments, Russia has been forging ahead with her missile projects.

Under the direction of General Lishin, and his deputy, Colonel Mleak of the Czech army, working from the Soviet main rocket headquarters at Zienberg in Northern Bohemia, a network of rocket bases facing west has quietly been built up.

About one dozen of these bases are in Czechoslovakia. The remainder are distributed over Poland, Eastern Germany and Northern Hungary.

Under Soviet directions, the Czech factory of Vihorlat in Eastern Czechoslovakia; near the Soviet-Czech frontier, is also starting the production of rockets which are to be fitted with Soviet atom warheads.

The first of these rockets, it is believed, will be ready by mid-summer.

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Terror in the snow

HYI-YI! The long, quavering, agonised cry splintered the Siberian silence and the darkness.

I cowered in terror over my spluttering wood fire in that frozen waste. As the unearthly sound died away my body remained numb.

If I heard that cry today in broad daylight it would make me shiver. But at that bleak, black moment I could not even tremble. I was petrified.

For I was near the end of my tether. The date must have been about November 30, 1949, and only a month earlier I had escaped from a Russian slave camp.

I was a German paratrooper, and because I had been captured behind the Russian lines I had been sentenced to 25 years for sabotage.

For three years I had shivered in a lead mine on the tip of Cape East, where Siberia spills into the Behring Sea.

I stayed, ate and slept in that lead mine until at last I could stand it no longer, and even the desperate gamble of escape seemed preferable to the hell of my existence.

So I broke away, turned my face to the west—and began to walk.

I was obsessed with one aim, no matter how fantastic that aim might now sound.

I had vowed that I would walk to Germany—8,000 miles away.

That night as I crouched over my camp fire and heard that terrible, long-drawn scream through the blackness behind my fire, some 600 miles lay between me and the slave-drivers at that prison camp. And ahead there stretched the whole vast continent of Russia before I could reach my home.

HIDEOUS HOWL

HYI-YI... HYI-YI. The hideous howl, half-human and half-animal, stilled my blood again.

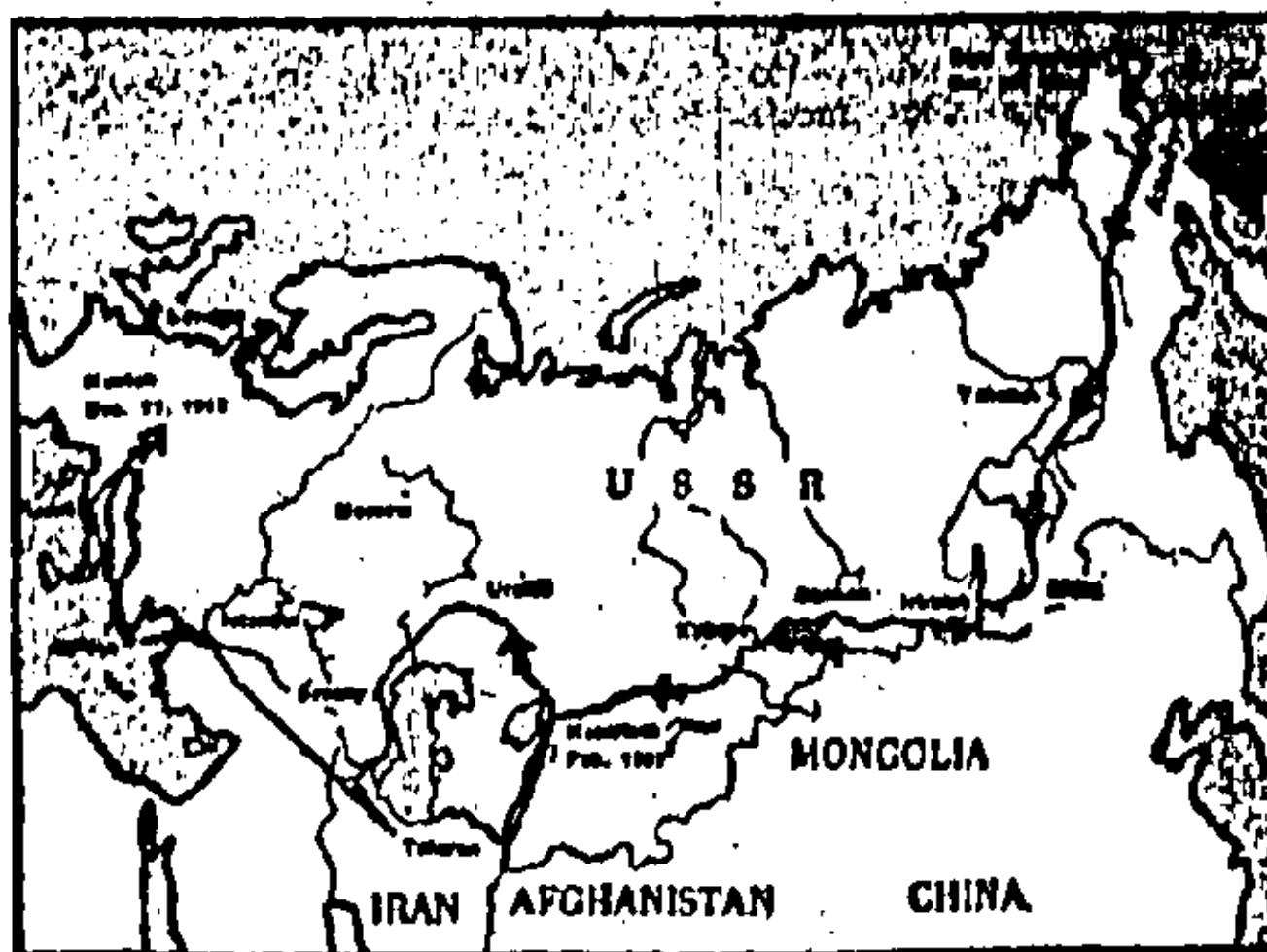
Now, to the left, there came an answering howl. And suddenly I heard a thrashing, shifting movement among the trees flanking my fire. It was as if a hundred strange creatures of the wild were closing in upon me.

And then I screamed. For suddenly I saw a face, a huge face, shaggy and hairy, peering at me from the shadows.

I watched, hypnotised. The face moved closer, its big eyes were unblinking. Closer and closer it came until at last it was within the light of the fire.

And then I saw a sight so weird that my fear faded into wonder.

I had been gazing into the eyes of a reindeer. And, sitting astride the animal, was a man. They were the first living creatures I had seen since my escape.



★ **WHEN Clemens Forell, a captured German paratrooper, said he had escaped from a Siberian slave mine and walked 8,000 miles home no one believed him.**

★ **HIS amazing claim was checked and found to be true. This map traces his incredible journey—and the broad arrow points to the river he crossed with the help of Russians bribed by the reindeer men.**

—but only in the sense that a tribe of Indians might be said to be citizens of the United States in the early days of the frontier period.

These reindeer dealers—for that was their "job"—were wholly nomadic. They had no permanent settlement but spent their lives roaming the great Siberian plains, turning in most of their skins to the State pur-

chases but also conducting a brisk under-the-counter business with the settlement outposts.

Soviet Communism meant as little to them as George Washington and democracy meant to the Delaware Indians. From that very first moment of meeting, these men were friendly.

Their high-pitched, curious dialect was not Russian. It was their own tribal language.

When I had refreshed myself from the leader's milk gourd, the young man lopped some branches off a tree with a long

knife. Then he began building up the fire. Gingerly I hauled out my store of precious tobacco and offered some to them.

They were delighted. The young one—his name was Laantmal—grabbed my wrist with a grin. The older man—he said he was Pehlak—slapped me on the knee.

LONG KNIVES

Perhaps they were just waiting to slit my throat with those long knives, waiting to sell my head to the nearest Russians.

I need not have worried. I stayed with the reindeer men not just for a night, but for more than four months through the vicious winter of 1949-50.

They taught me the secrets of survival in this stern Siberian wasteland. How to hunt, how to cook, how to fend for myself in a land where nature showed no mercy.

Finally—and even today this generosity sounds incredible—when they sped me on my way after that long, black winter, they even paid a man to guide me!

Laantmal organised that. He had to drive a large freight sledge to a village further west and he brought me with him on the 16-day journey.

And, to my horror, in the village he introduced me quite openly to two Russians!

For a second I thought he had betrayed me. "You are a German," said one Russian coldly. "What are you doing here?"

"I was sentenced to 25 years," I replied. "So, where are you doing here?"

"I escaped. I want to get home."

"To Germany?" He raised his eyebrows. "You're mad. But tomorrow I'll take you on your way across the river."

I began to thank him. He interrupted roughly. "I'm not doing this for charity, you know," he said, glancing significantly at the beaming Laantmal.

Only then did I realise that Laantmal had actually bribed these men to help me.

Suddenly I knew that the reindeer men were extending to me their own, simple code of loyalties.

They had sheltered me, I had accepted their hospitality.

Now I was one of them and, as such, I was a brother in distress.

Moreover, because I, as a German prisoner, was a dangerous "cargo," Laantmal must have paid heavily.

Next morning, half an hour before dawn, I said good-bye to Laantmal.

With one of the Russians I slipped from the village. We marched across open country until we came to a river—the River Andyr—and alighted across the ice that covered it.

The Russian stopped and said: "That will cost you 200 roubles."

I had been given some roubles by the man who had made my escape possible by Dr Heinz Stauffer, a German physician, who had kept us alive in the lead mine. Neither he nor I knew whether they were worth anything.

I peeled off 200 from the small wad which had been congealing in my pocket. The Russian pocketed them, seemed about to ask for more, and left me. His well-paid job had been done.

For days I pushed on, always west. It was the middle of March, 1950, when I came across further signs of life—a huddle of tents jutting from the snow.

Before I had met Laantmal and his friends I would have avoided those tents like frost-bite. Now I went straight to them—and my new judgment was right.

I cooked a meal, using my own food and my three new guides ate noisily. Still nobody spoke to me.

At last they finished. Anastas snapped: "Tobacco! Hurry up!"

I put out all I had left—which was barely enough to last them a week. I even put down paper and they rolled themselves cigarettes from the scraps.

"You know how to light a fire and you almost know how to cook," said Anastas. "What else can you do? Can you shoot?"

I had had enough from these cut-throats. "No worse than you rogues," I growled.

They kept at me—all three of them. But I leaped more quickly. I faced them coldly, my gun in my hand, my finger on the trigger, and they froze.

Gently Anastas said: "Would that be a pistol, by any chance? And would it be loaded?"

Just as gently I asked: "Shall I pull the trigger?"

"Put the damn thing away," he said curtly. "We're all pals, aren't we?"



At that bleak, black moment I could not even tremble. I was petrified. The hideous, half-human howl stilled my blood.

me all the time. The tobacco seemed to sway them, for they agreed to take me.

We climbed on to the plunging raft and spun downstream. Nobody spoke to me. After we had travelled most of the day, Anastas flicked the crazy little craft to the bank and we climbed ashore.

The three vagabonds lay and watched me while I set up camp.

In fact, he had left us to die, for we had only the clothes we wore, the guns we carried and the ammunition that remained.

We all the reindeer harness into thongs and bound saplings together to make snow shoes.

And then we began to walk—blindly to anywhere we might find food and shelter. There was cold murder in the eyes of Grigori and Anastas.

There was fear, too, fear of Semyon. He was mobile with his sledge.

NO FIRE

He had food and plenty of ammunition. If he found us he would kill us—of that we were certain.

For the first four days Anastas refused even to light a fire in case the smoke betrayed our position. On the fifth day we found the thin tracks of sleds.

Immediately the other two churned off. On and on they plunged, sometimes up to their waists in snow, their rifles held high above their heads.

I watched them cynically as I ambled in their wake.

They disappeared in a valley of snow. And then, on a hillside, 50 yards further on, I saw a man.

It was Semyon. I saw him raise his rifle. I fell flat and heard a crash as the bullet struck a rock beside me.

Splinters centred into my leg. Semyon raised his rifle again. I heard a yell from Anastas away on the right. A third time the murderer got ready to fire.

But this time there was a shot to my left. Semyon threw up his arms and his face went bright scarlet. Then he toppled backwards.

I heard a yell of triumph and saw Grigori. His cap had come off and his long hair hung matted round his face.

"Did you see it?" he shouted frantically. "Did you see how I fixed him?"

"Where's Anastas?" I yelled. "He's dead." And, without another word, Grigori went pounding towards Semyon's body.

When he found it, he tore off the sledge and systematically robbed his dead comrade, going through every pocket of his ragged clothes.

When he seemed satisfied that there was nothing worth stealing left, he gripped the

body by the shoulders and propped it up against a mound of snow.

I watched him reload his rifle, step back a few paces and aim it at the shattered head. It took me a second to realise what he was going to do.

"Grigori—stop!" I screamed. "This is none of your business, German. You'd better stay where you are."

His voice was harsh. He fired. And he was smiling when he came back to me.

Casually he told me how he had robbed the dead Anastas, too, taking his share of the gold dust they had won from the river.

He equated at me. "I have three shures now," he said. "Would you like to give me yours and make it a fourth?"

I shook my head. Grigori shrugged. "Keep it," he said. "You earned it. But I must trouble you for your rucksack."

I looked into the barrel of his rifle. "Slowly I took off my rucksack and handed it to him. Watching me closely, he fumbled through it and took out a short, flat object about the size of a child's slipper.

"My nugget," he said softly. "Semyon didn't know I had transferred it to your bag for safe keeping. You didn't know you'd been carrying round a lump of gold for the past week, did you?"

"Can I see it?" I said, and my voice was shaking. He nodded, handed over the nugget and raised the rifle to my head.

The surface of the nugget was dirty. I scratched it with my nail and left a thin, gleaming line. My hand was beginning to tremble with the weight of the thing.

A MADMAN

Grigori said softly: "It weighs about two and a half pounds."

All the time the rifle never wavered.

And I understood. I could feel the germs of gold fever myself already. I knew those schoolboy stories were true.

"Here," I growled, "take it back."

Grigori lowered the rifle slowly, took the nugget, wrapped it up and put it away in an inside pocket under his fur. For a while he sat eyeing me slyly in silence, his head on one side, his eyes almost smiling.

Then quite calmly he said: "You want it now, don't you?"

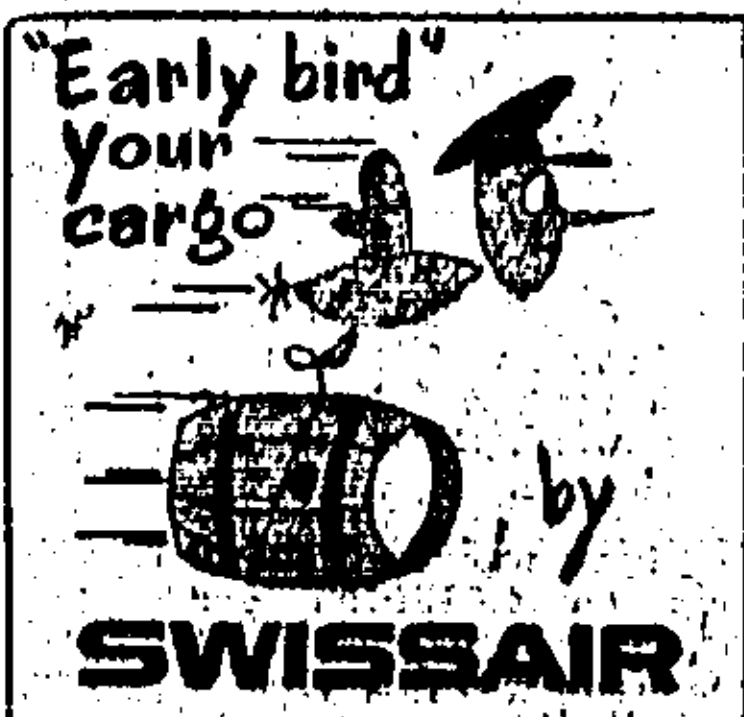
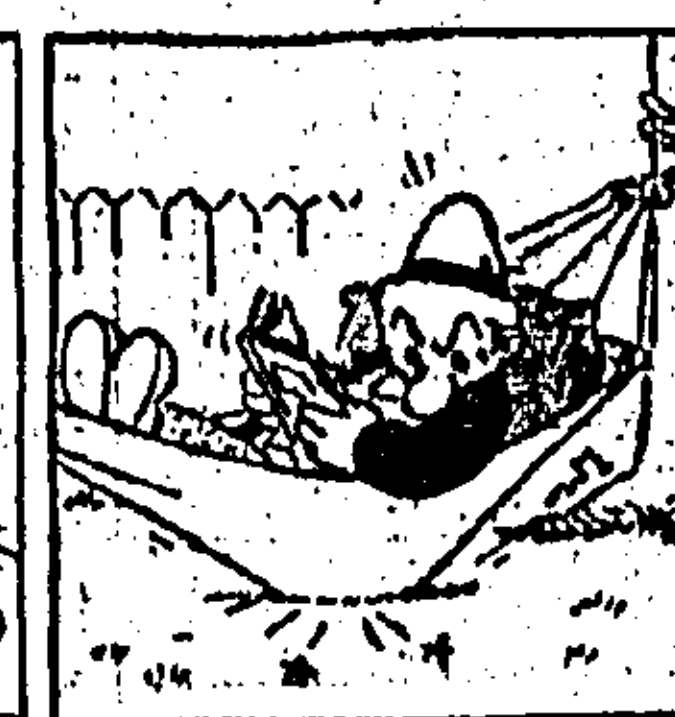
I didn't answer. I knew this man had gone completely mad. And I knew he would kill me sooner or later, if I did not kill him first. That nugget had sentenced one of us to death.

NEXT WEEK

Grigori pushes me over a cliff and leaves me to die: wolves attack me and I fall from a tree into the pack.

By Mik

FERD'NAND

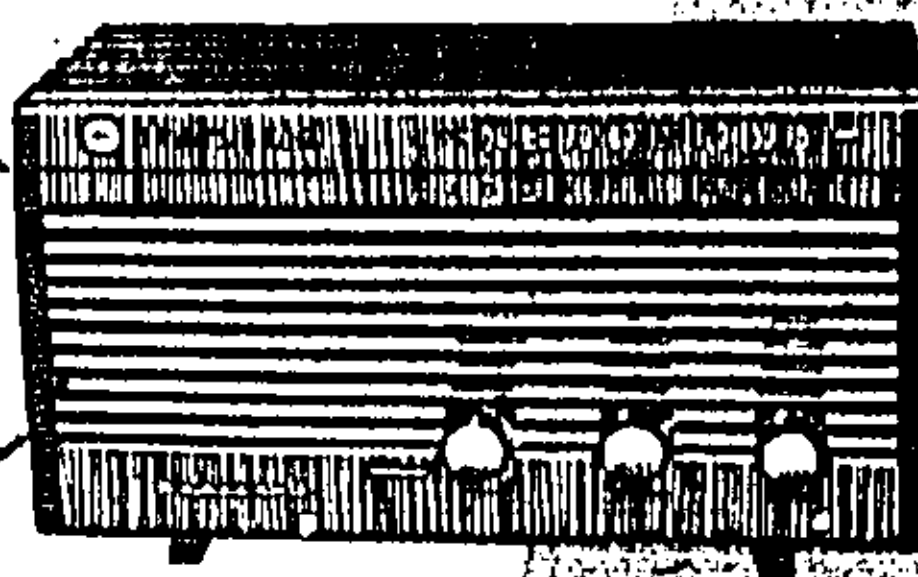


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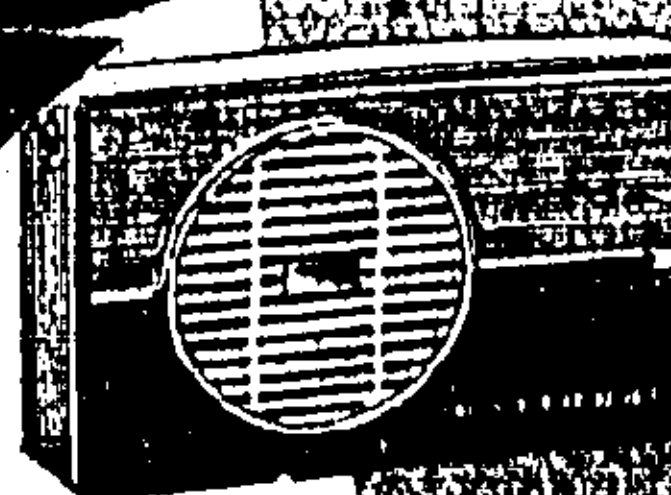
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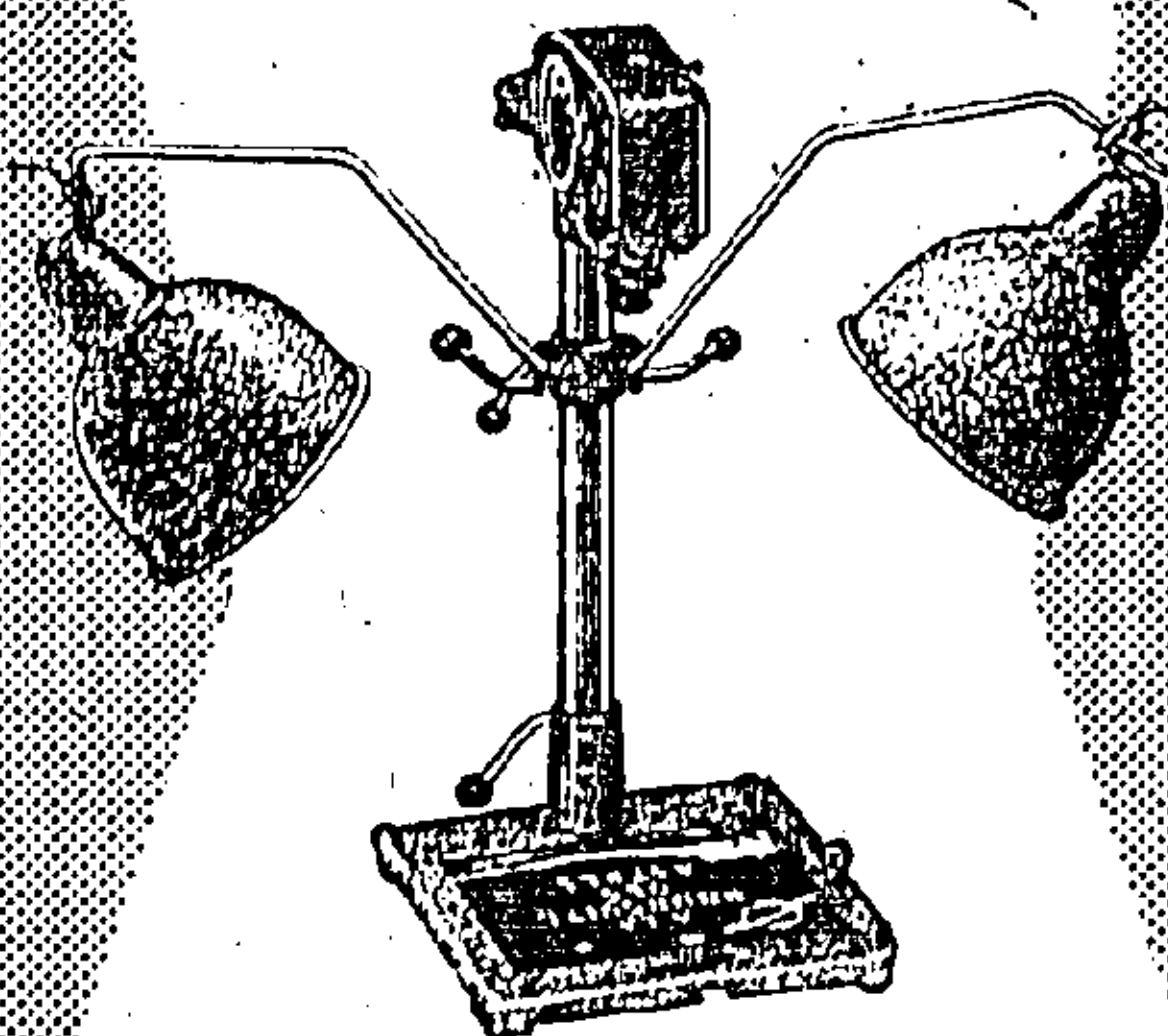
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SENSATIONS OF SPORT NO. 3.....BY JOHN COTTRELL

THE BODY-LINE BOWLING WAR

A DOLF HITLER becomes the new ruler of Germany. That news shook the world on Monday, January 30, 1933. Yet in England on that fateful day, public attention was captured by a front-page dispatch headlined: **AUSTRALIA SENDS SECRET CABLE TO M.C.C.**

This news aroused nationwide anxiety. For, as everyone knew, that cable could mean the end of Test cricket between England and Australia.

Only a dispute of the ugliest nature could kill this traditional meeting between the two great cricket powers. And such a dispute had been raging for months over England's leg-theory attack in the 1932-33 Test series.

The Australian Board of Control had protested to the M.C.C. In reply, the M.C.C. had offered to cancel the remainder of England's tour of Australia.

Now universally known as "body-line bowling," the leg-theory attack caused the bitterest controversy in cricket history. It roused Australian spectators to near frenzy, and severely tested Anglo-Australian relations. It also ruined the career of that brilliant cricketer, Harold "Little Lol" Larwood, the long-haired ex-miner of Nottingham, who was hailed as England's greatest fast bowler.

Larwood was England's natural choice to carry out the leg-theory attack, devised to check the heavy scoring of Australian batsmen in general, and of Don Bradman in particular. And that made him his own executioner.

By taking 33 wickets in the five Tests, he was chiefly responsible for bringing the Ashes back to England. Yet, after that series, he never bowled for his country again.

Unprecedented

By now, all Australia was demanding a ban on "body-line." An Australian judge, Justice Sheppard, went so far as to say: "Leg-theory bowling is covered by the criminal law under which it is a serious offence recklessly and wantonly to harm any person, even without malice."

So it was that, on January 10, 1933, the Australian Board of Control took the unprecedented step of complaining to the M.C.C. Their message said: "Body-line bowling has assumed such proportions as to menace the best interests of the game. In our view it is unsportsmanlike."

The M.C.C. refused the suggestion that there had been "unsportsmanlike play" and offered to cancel the rest of the tour. But the Australians replied that the sportsmanship of the people that England's side was not in question.

So the tour continued—and so did the public outcry against "body-line." The critics complained that it was highly dangerous because leg fielders crowded so closely around the batsman that he could not defend himself without offering a catch.

If the Australians' case had been stated with less emotion, it might have carried some weight. There was reason for believing that leg-theory was not in the best interests of the game. Indeed, some English counties threatened to refuse to play against it in 1934. But complaints that it was purely an attempt to intimidate batsmen were not supported by the facts.

Larwood bowled 1,777 balls on the tour and only two batsmen were severely hit. One of them—Oldfield—admitted that it was his own fault. And the balls which hit Woodfull were both outside the OFF stump.

Larwood argued: "If I was bowling at the body, how was it I kept hitting the wickets and getting men out l.b.w.?"

Jeering

As a result, Larwood had to endure more booing and jeering than any other tourist in cricket history. Over 50,000 spectators would roar a derisive count at every step he took on his 20-odd strides to the wicket. Crowds barracked him on and off the field; he was viciously attacked in the press during this acrimonious Test tour, the outcry against "body-line" grew stronger. And it became nearly deafening during the third Test at Adelaide, when Bill Woodfull and Bill Oldfield were both hit by Larwood's express deliveries.

Woodfull was hit twice, and Oldfield played a ball into his own face. The enraged crowd shouted abuse, and an invasion of the pitch seemed imminent.

Well-supported by Bill Voce, Larwood's fantastic pace and accuracy made the policy pay off. His 90-mile-an-hour deliveries completely unnerved the Australian batsmen and, not least, the mighty Bradman.

Now, there was nothing new about leg-theory; it brought a storm of protests only because it was so devastating in practice. The Australians were accustomed to seeing their batsmen build up colossal scores; when they were denied this pleasure, they blamed the terrifying bowling.

The row finally flared up when critics coined the term "body-line." This cleverly obscured the issue, for the mere use of the word "body" suggested that leg-theory was an attack on the batsman, not on the leg stump.

Larwood bowled so furiously that, in the fifth Test, he fractured two small bones under the ball of the big toe of his left foot. And his injury prevented him from bowling in England in the following season. "Little Lol" took 33 wickets in the series and capped this performance by scoring 89 runs in the final Test. He was the hero of all England—and Public Enemy No. 1 in Australia.

Panic Spreads

Yet the panic spread. News-papers published sensational pictures of the bruises on Australian cricketers; some players began wearing protective padding above the waist.

Nothing, however, could stop "Little Lol." He was not a strongly built man, only 5ft. 8in. tall, but throughout the tour he put every ounce of his energy into his sizzling deliveries, which had been known to knock the bats nearly 70 yards—almost to the boundary.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

UNDER THE OCEAN—TWENTY-FOOT SHARKS ATTACK THE GREAT LEST!

THEIR BITES ARE LIKE MOSQUITO BITES—A GREAT HAND SLAPS THEM AWAY!

NOW THE COLOSSUS BEGINS TO RUN—

HANG ON—HE'S RUNNING!

CONTINUED

THE PERFECT JOBS ODDS! WRITE CUT! HOLD TOGETHER FOR PERHAPS 100 HOURS OF FLYING TIME AND HAS A RANGE OF 150 MILES!

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EVENTS MOVE SWIFTLY! I MUST NOTIFY COMRADE CHU-LING IMMEDIATELY!

JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins

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JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins

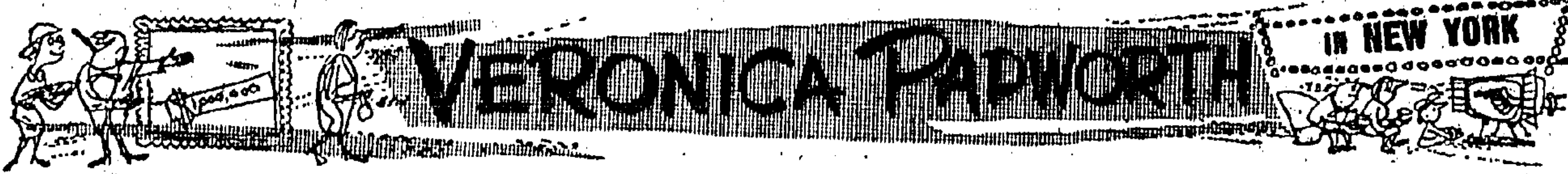
I HAVE KNOWN YOU TOO LONG AND TOO WELL, HAZARD! MY FRIEND AND I WILL NOT QUESTION WHAT YOU SAY. COME, I WILL SHOW YOU THE PLANE YOU MAY HAVE...

IT HAS BEEN BETTER DAYS TO BE SURE! BUT IT WILL HOLD TOGETHER FOR PERHAPS 100 HOURS OF FLYING TIME AND HAS A RANGE OF 150 MILES!

THE PERFECT JOBS ODDS! WRITE CUT! HOLD TOGETHER FOR PERHAPS 100 HOURS OF FLYING TIME AND HAS A RANGE OF 150 MILES!

EVENTS MOVE SWIFTLY! I MUST NOTIFY COMRADE CHU-LING IMMEDIATELY!

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Such gorgeous women... but so synthetic

THEY are fantastic, these American women. I have never seen so many absolutely perfect yet utterly characterless characters. Everywhere I go there are women looking like tear-outs from the page of the glossiest possible magazines. They come in all shapes and sizes like liquorice allsorts and like allsorts one soon gets to recognise the varieties.

These women are the perfect example of "why not-ery."

WHY NOT try a red hair-rinse with a stark white make-up? ...and there she is with hair like a burning bush, just the right lipstick, and (a carefully studied touch of daring) a pink sheath dress.

WHY NOT give yourself the Baby Doll look? ...and here's an astounded blonde with every curl carefully tousled, great surprised eyebrows artfully drawn, and round blue eyes circled with an even half-inch of shadow.

What's more, she keeps her eyes wide open all the time—just like the coloured pictures.

WHY NOT experiment with the Clara Bow type? ...the Sultry Brunette look? New York has them all.

Even their gait seems contrived. Seeing them "giving-out" so brightly—wise-cracking, eyes darting this way and that—I sense the heading: "Why not try an evening out with pep pills?"

IRRESISTIBLE

TOOTLING along East 57th Street, I was rocked in my tracks by the biggest Urtile I have ever seen—a good 10ft. of excitement on canvas. "Irresistible isn't it?" said Victor J. Hammer, the owner of the gallery. I told him it had certainly beckoned me inside.

auctioneer begged for a bid from the main room. Said he'd never live it down if he sold a masterpiece to a guy who couldn't get in.

"Who bought it? Alice Goulardis. He's what we call a poor Greek. He got only a small shipping line."

SO RELAXED

THE last time I saw Sally Ann Howes we were driving through Hyde Park together and she told me she was off to the States for "something exciting."

"So that was 'My Fair Lady'?" I said, meeting her again in New York, in her so calm, so tranquil black and cream drawing-room, and thanking my lucky stars for her air-conditioning (New York is sticky hot).

"No," said Sally Ann, "that was Richard."

Richard Adler is now her husband.

I asked her plans, knowing that she had signed on for only 12 months of M.F.L.

"Goodness knows I don't want to tie myself up. The only tied-up feeling I like is marriage. I'm tickled pink with the offer I've had. That's the exciting thing about New York—a kind of chain reaction."

"One good thing leads to another."

"But I must come home first."

"My father's been over, you know. He adored it. He had such a welcome. They're darling these Americans, aren't they?" (I agreed warmly.) "After months I get quite a shock when English friends 'ring me: 'I don't have a thing to

At last—a sack that really is terrific

TRUST the American women to get round the sack. look. They're not wearing any curve-concealing clothes—well, not after the first fuss has died down—no SIR. And the best of luck to them.

So they have introduced "see-through" sacks worn over skin-tight underdresses.

The actual sack is in fine lace, organza, or tulle—worn for late day and evening.

The effect is terrific.

MYSTERIOUS

It makes good figures look mysterious and as for the not-so-good... well, you can't be certain.

Seems to me "see through" sacks could solve lots of figure problems.

I'm amused to note that the new clothes lines are unanimously ignored on TV—apart from gags and funny cross-talk pieces.

The answer seems to be that the MEN behind the cameras can't stand them.

Hit Parade's Jilly Corey told me: "I don't have a thing to

say about what I wear on television, but none of the men directing the show would let me wear a sack."

EMPHASISED

Fatti Page had another comment: "Even if you are thin a camera puts some weight on you. The smallest thing about me is my waist and they (the designer, director, and producer) go all out to emphasise it."

Comedian George Burns wisely cracked the other night that a woman in the latest shape "looks like a mama kangaroo with the whole family at home."

"See through" should take care of that.

IDEAS... they're full of them.

EAT and 40?—not this Spring Dieter

LIKE so many pretty women in their forties, Mrs Joan Waldeck, of Station Road, Barnes, was spoiling the whole effect by overweight.

"Too many inches and too many pounds," was the heart-city of our fifth and final Spring Diet volunteer.

For her Helen Burke planned a long-term low-calorie diet for steady weight reduction, aiming at an intake of never more than 850 calories a day.

FIGURES

When Mrs Waldeck started, we clocked her weight at 13st. 7lb. and measurements were 44in., 36in., 43in.—much too heavy for her height of 5ft. 4in.

After five weeks of faithful dieting—"I only broke it once on my birthday"—she has already lost nearly two stone and her measurements are now 40in., 31in., 42in.

WIZARD

"I feel wizard now," reports Mrs Waldeck. "It was not difficult and I am much better for it."

Encouraged by her proud husband and fourteen-year-old daughter, she's determined to stick to Helen's Eat and Forty Regime and get down to her previous 9st 10lb.

BRETON HAT

For her prize-winning outfit we took Mrs Waldeck shopping for a summery outfit that will take her to Ascot, Wimbledon and other smart events.

She fitted perfectly into a 42in.-hip dress of navy blue silk.



moon-thank-you bride. I'd rather start right off with the fun of organising my new home and getting to know my husband on common ground. And rather than have the whole cake all at once I would prefer a holiday ahead of us in the not-too-distant future.

Your vote

What do YOU think? Do you vote for the sentimental bliss of those honeymoon weeks? Or do you share the views of many modern brides that it is better to get on with the job and plan for a holiday together later when you have learned to understand and enjoy one another's company?

—(London Express Service)

Are honeymoons losing their glamour?...

WHITSUN bride with a new slant on honeymoons is actress Pauline Jameson. She married over the holiday, moved straight into her newly-decorated Maida Vale flat and went back to work.

Later in the year she will take a holiday with her new husband, Wing Commander Leslie Lewington, director of a Mayfair plastics company.

Unromantic? Perhaps. But many young brides of this modern age will agree with her.

The honeymoon is losing its glamour and becoming slightly old-fashioned.

An essential foundation?

Sentimentalists will argue that this two or three weeks of unmitigated bliss is an essential foundation to a happy marriage, something to look back upon with misty eyes in later years.

But what is the brutal truth? All too often it is beset by financial post-wedding worries, adjustment difficulties and lack of common interests.

These modern brides have the right idea. Settling up house today is an expensive affair. Few young couples have the opportunity to save much with present taxation and once the new home is ready they are usually stony broke.

How much wiser to allow themselves time to recover financially so that they can enjoy their first holiday together without counting the pennies.

By EILEEN ASCROFT

When two young people set up house there are all sorts of adjustments to be made.

However much in love, they have got to learn to live together and understand one another. This is much more easily done in the privacy and security of their own home than in some strange hotel under the amused and all too interested eyes of strangers.

Another thing. From now on most of their hobbies and interests will be mutual ones. These common bonds take time to develop, but will give them far more shared fun when they

can take their first joint break from everyday work. The old idea of having a honeymoon belongs to the age when women did not work.

It was largely invented to give the bride a brief period of adjustment to her married state, without plunging her suddenly into the rather terrifying loneliness of an empty home when the husband was out at work.

That no longer applies today when the average bride goes right on with her job. If I were marrying today, I would certainly be a no-honey-

chicken or tomato soup, with double cream to make it go down more easily. Vanilla, or strawberry and raspberry, or cream, or milk, or orange, or banana, or black currant, or coffee, or chocolate.

When she is able to swallow what she can choose mixed chicken or stewed with a white sauce, or milk puddings or all sorts of jellies, and orange juice.

—(London Express Service)

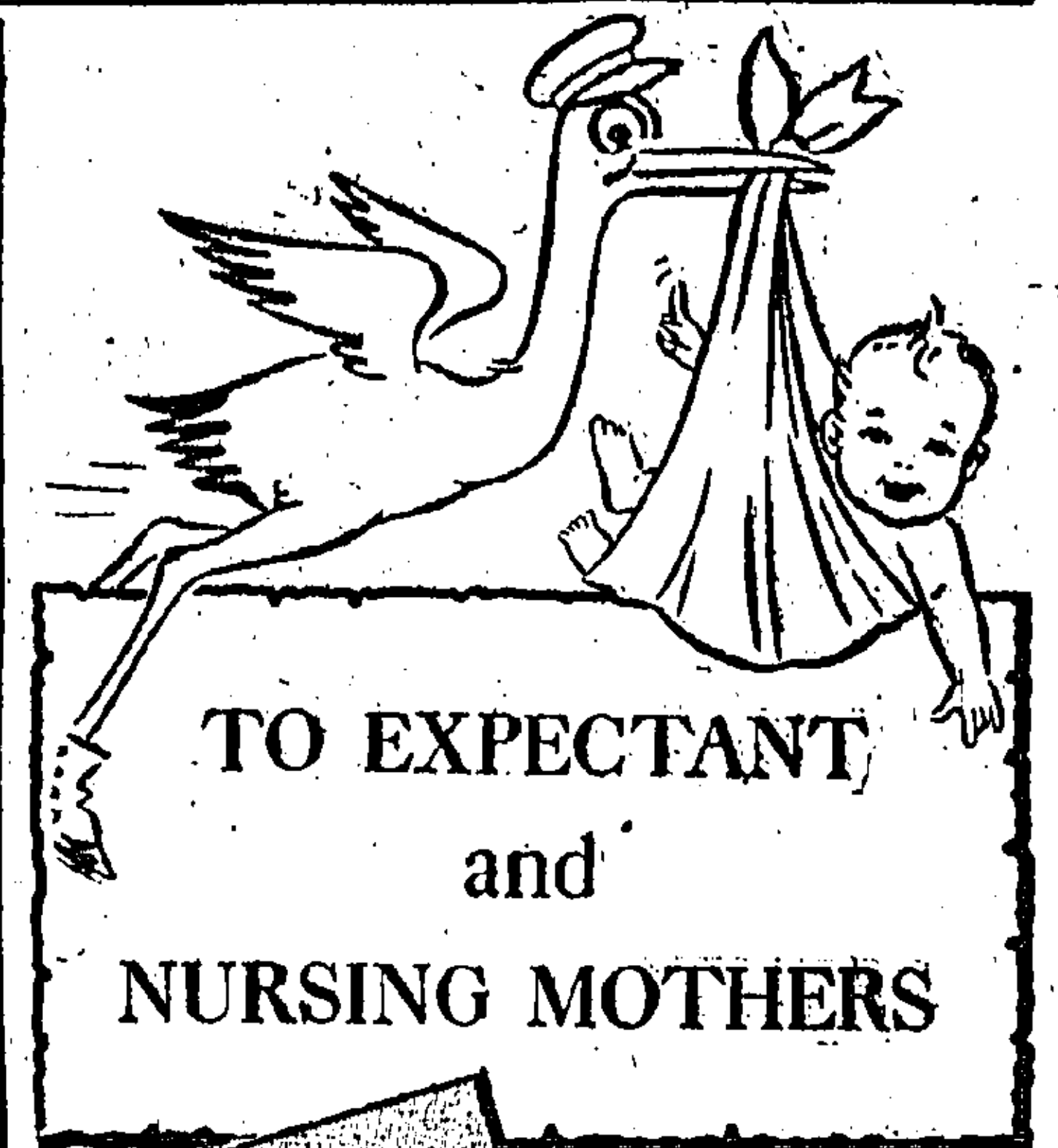
MILK SHAKES FOR A ROYAL SORE THROAT

MANY mothers must have wondered just how a royal invalid is coaxed to eat when her throat is sore.

The soft diet that is followed at Great Ormond Street Hospital, where Princess Anne had

her tonsils out, is guaranteed to break down the most stubborn resistance. It is simple, light, varied, and delicious. Any mother with a child who needs something can follow it.

For the first 24 hours the Princess could choose from



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FATHER'S DAY (Sunday, June 15)





OTTO Preminger, famous Hollywood producer and director is greeted (above) on arrival at Kai Tak Airport last week by Hongkong movie star Yeh Fung. Interviewed by Radio Hongkong's John Wallace (below), Mr Preminger revealed that he was searching for a Chinese girl to play a leading role in his latest film. The interview will be broadcast tonight.



A BUSY week for Sir Robert and Lady Black—there was a visit to Central Fire Station (top) by His Excellency, a cocktail party at the Italian National Day reception held by the Italy's Consul-General, Count A. Figarola di Gropello (left), a tour of Grantham Hospital by His Excellency (left below), the opening of the Hongkong Art Club's Spring Exhibition at St John's Cathedral Hall by Lady Black (above) and a meeting with Britain's soccer idol, Stanley Matthews at the Government Stadium (below).



TOP: Mr Eduardo Pio dos Remedios and his bride, the former Miss Vilma Maria do Pinna, pose for photographers after their wedding at Rotary Church last week.

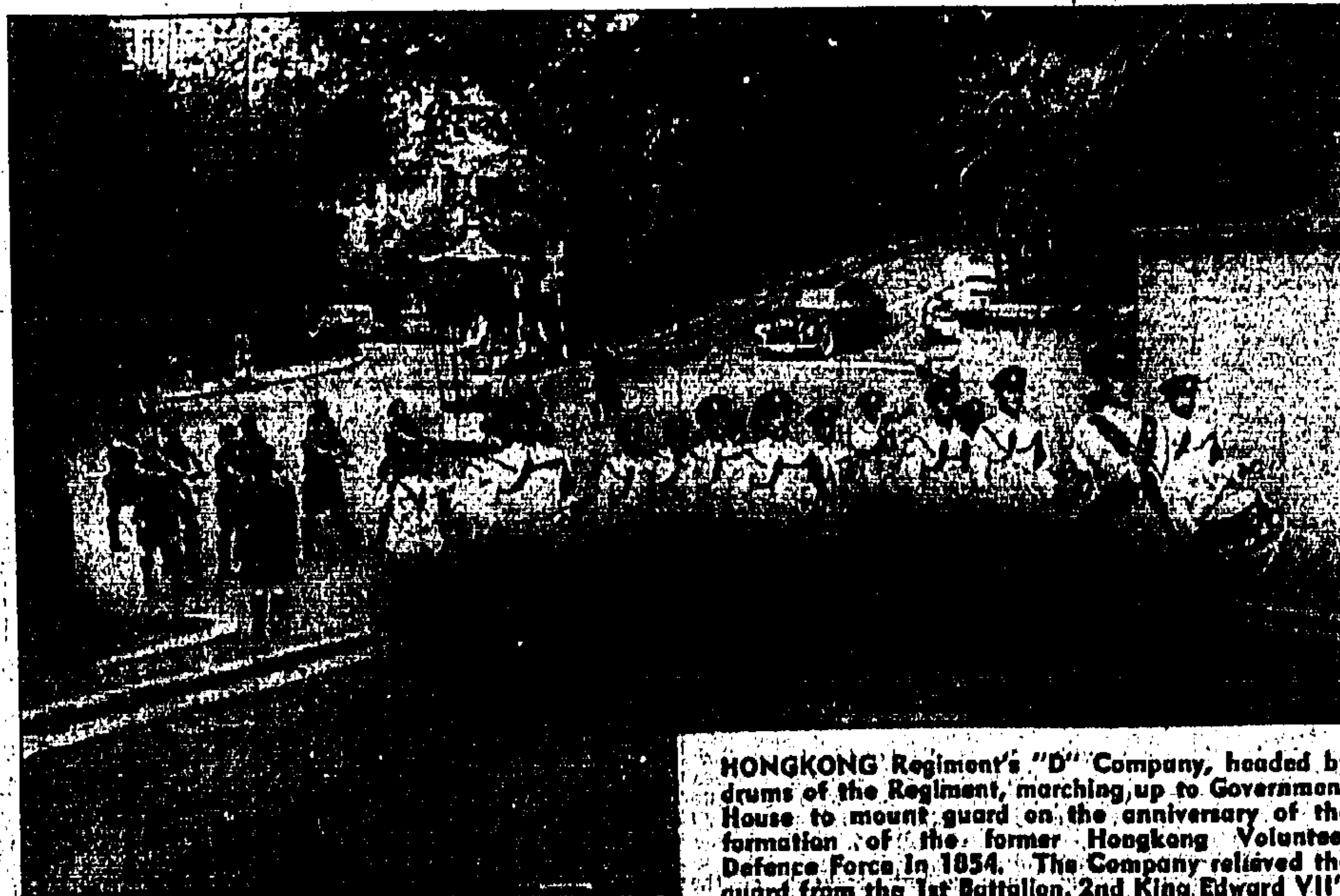
★ ABOVE: Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell, presents a letter of appreciation to one of 30 persons whose courage and public spirit aided the Police in apprehending criminals.

★ LEFT: Malaya's Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, receiving a bouquet of flowers from two Chinese movie starlets, Misses Ting Ling and Tong Dan, when he left for Kuala Lumpur this week.

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HONGKONG Regiment's "D" Company, headed by drums of the Regiment, marching up to Government House to mount guard on the anniversary of the formation of the former Hongkong Volunteer Defence Force in 1854. The Company relieved the guard from the 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles for 24 hours.

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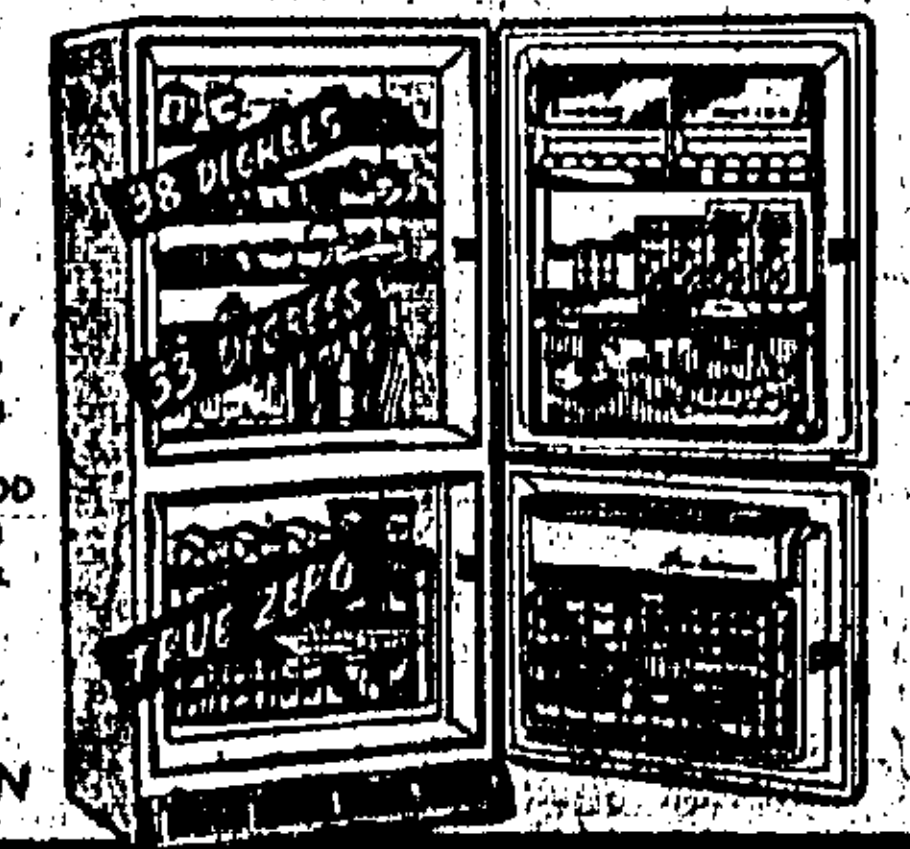
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GILMANS



SEVEN tons of clothing and food from the United States for distribution in Hongkong, were handed over this week aboard the U.S. aircraft carrier Shangri-la. At right, Mr. P. L. Yang, secretary of the Christian Children Fund, Hongkong office, thanks some of the men who contributed to the clothing collection. Below are seen part of the huge pile of crates stacked for delivery to designated charity organisations.



RIGHT above: His Excellency the Governor voicing his appreciation of the fine work done by the St John's Ambulance Association Centre for Hongkong during the Association's third annual general meeting last week at the Legislative Council Chamber, Colonial Secretariat.

★

RIGHT: The eight Pan American Airways passengers who passed through the Colony after their airliner skidded off the runway of Manila's International Airport while landing last week in heavy rain, and crashed killing one.

★

LEFT: Sir Kenneth F. Colas, President of the International Society for the Welfare of Cripples, chats with a young inmate of the Children's Convalescent Home, Sandy Bay. In foreground is Mr. F. T. Melwani.



AMERICAN pianist Gary Graffman at a tea reception last week. He gave a well-received recital at Lake Law Hall on Saturday.

★

LEFT: English comedienne Anna Russell revealing the mysteries of an undressed bagpipe to members of the Hongkong Rotary Club on Tuesday. "It never appears in public unless fully clothed," she quipped during the Club's weekly luncheon at which she was guest of honour.



HONGKONG'S Elvis "The Pelvis" Presley?—His name is Alfred Tan, and his guitar playing combined with body gyrations and a rendition of the currently popular rock 'n' roll hit tune "Don't Be Cruel" at Radio Hongkong's "Beginners Please" programme earlier this week was warmly applauded by the audience and won him a place in the finals. Compare John Wallace declares that Alfred's performance was "the nearest thing to Presley I've ever seen in the Colony."

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THE Colony's American residents attended a solemn Memorial Day service last week at the Saiwan Military Cemetery when community representatives laid wreaths on graves of U.S. soldiers buried there. Seen is the firing party from the U.S.S. Floyd Bay. The service included the playing of "Taps" by a bugler and the raising of the Stars and Stripes from half mast to full staff. The Rev. Father James F. Smith conducted the rites.

★

By CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS



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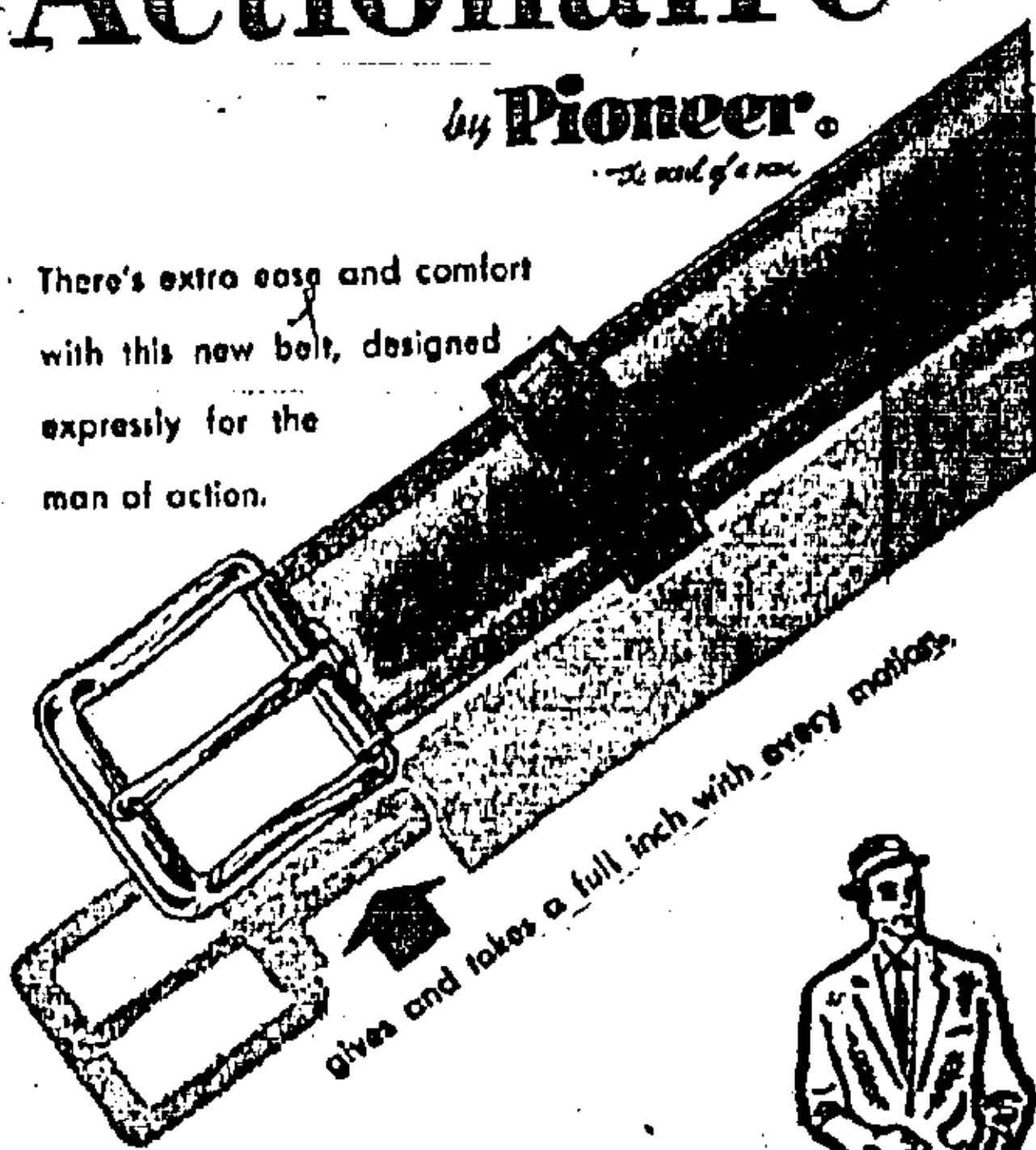
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FATHERS DAY

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Nail Polish Helps Feet To Appear Much Prettier



SEPARATE TOES with wads of cotton and you'll find it easy to give yourself a pedicure without smearing polish.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

ARE your feet pretty?

Don't feel too badly if they aren't. You're not alone! Even the prettiest models seldom have good feet, and this bit of information is passed along by an authority.

DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT
A friend of ours, who's in advertising, says the most difficult assignment is finding a model with pretty feet to pose for open-toed shoes or exercise shoes.

"There's just about no such thing," he says. "If the feet are pretty, and it's rare, then the model herself is too fat or too thin or not attractive."

The trouble with women's feet is usually shoes. At some point or other, they wore the wrong kind so—zing!—corns,

callouses, disfiguring red spots! Make the best of bad feet by giving them care. A tip to the chiropodist will keep corns from looking too unsightly and will remove hard callouses.

You'll find, too, that a pedicure does wonders to beautifully feet. Toenails, which are not as neatly shaped as fingernails, look lots better under a coat of pretty polish. Schedule a pedicure when you manœuvre.

Don't file toenails. Clip them—and not at the sides; this can cause ingrown toenails. Instead, cut them straight across.

Follow the same steps you use for your manicure (base, two coats of polish, sealer). You'll have an easier time of it if you put wads of cotton between the toes to separate them before you paint on polish.

How To Grow Younger While Growing Older

By ANNE HEYWOOD

"A MAN'S grasp," as the poet said, "should exceed his reach, else what's a heaven for?"

It is a terribly important, particularly as we get into middle life, that we have a project bigger than we are—a thing so difficult, and with such a far horizon, that it keeps us going on and on.

There's no other way I know to keep interested and enthusiastic; to keep line intellectual muscles exercised and to make tomorrow a thing worth looking forward to.

STUDIED PIANO
I was pretty pleased with myself when, on my 42nd birthday, I began to study piano. I felt it was quite remarkable for anyone my age to be starting anything so overwhelming and to which so many people have devoted their whole lives.

You can imagine, therefore, how I felt when I came across Angela Diller who, at 80, is the author of a new and exciting book called "The Splendour of Music."

At an age when most people would have resigned themselves more or less happily to the rocking chair, Miss Diller received a Guggenheim Foundation award which, as she put it, helped her secure leisure for writing this book. Most people have nothing but leisure at Miss Diller's age!

FAVOURITE QUOTATIONS

The title of Miss Diller's book is based on one of my own favourite quotations from Robert Browning which says, in effect, that "what we must do is to open a way 'whence the imprisoned splendour may escape.'"

In her foreword, Miss Diller points out:

"This book concerns itself with two imprisoned splendours."

"The first is the splendour of music that lies behind the symbols on printed pages. This music has a life of its own and is waiting to be released by us as we translate these symbols into sounds."

"The other imprisoned splendour is the innate capacity for

understanding and creating music that resides in almost every human soul."

It is an enchanting book and it proves my point.

In each of us there is an imprisoned splendour waiting to be released. It is probably something that we consider quite foolish—writing poetry, painting or something quite alien to our common, everyday lives. We may rationalize and pretend that it's just too silly or that we haven't the time or that people would think we were crazy. But whatever it is, there is a great deal to be gained by doing it, crazy or not.

It is quite likely that no direct benefits will come from it—I know that I shall never gain fame or fortune at the keyboard—but it is bound to have enormous, indirect rewards.

NEW EXPERIENCES

It will lead us into new and interesting experiences; it will develop, as we said before, the muscles of our mind and emotions and it will bring a lustrous and added importance into the ordinary things that we do in our everyday lives.

Most of all, it will keep us young—as young as sparkling and as forward-looking as Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Angela Diller is in her 80th year!

Music symbolises both an imprisoned splendour.

HOW YOU CAN HELP THE MAN YOU LOVE:

Wives can TALK to help their husbands..

But it's the way you do it that counts

by PHOEBE YOUNG

DO you ever talk to your husband? I mean, really talk, as pals?

Or are you too busy, too tired, or too bored? It is a pity if you are because if you want to help your husband, talking is one of the best ways.

It helps, of course—but don't think it vital—it can have done the same job as your husband. Like Dorothy Quayle, wife of Anthony Quayle, director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, who has lived and breathed theatre all her life.

She is the daughter of actress Dorothy Dickson, and before her marriage was on the stage as Dorothy Hyson.

"I gave it up when I married, but I feel no yearning to go back," she says. "I find I'm more in the theatre being Tony's wife than I would be acting."

"As for helping him—I suppose my being in the theatre helps. I can often give him advice about casting and so on—but I never expect my advice to be taken."

All hours

WHAT do you say when your husband wants to bring his friends home at all hours? Well, if you want to make him happy take a tip from Mrs Quayle.

"There is such a constant stream of people everywhere—we seem to burst out of our houses (at Stratford-on-Avon and South Kensington).

"Tony brings friends in at any time of day or night. He is the sort of man who works all the

time, yet we are not totally immersed in the theatre; he is also interested in writing and politics.

"The real trouble is that we try to have our cake and eat it. We try to see a lot of each other, a lot of our children, and a lot of our friends. It takes some organising to fit it all in smoothly, but I know I'm a bad organiser so I try extra hard.

"You see, my main job is to keep the company at Stratford happy. I try to make work there as attractive as possible for actors and actresses, to lure them away from London for a season. So I keep open house for them all, we give lots of parties, and they know they can always pop round and treat the house as their own."

And if your husband is anything like Anthony Quayle, listen to what his wife says—

"I think the main thing about helping a husband like mine is to stick the pace, pack in as much as life will hold, and keep calm."

Asks advice

HAVE you ever thought of helping your husband by critiquing him? Or wouldn't you dare? Well, try the way of Lady Casson, wife of Sir Hugh Casson, the designer. They met at college, and now she has her own architect's practice and goes out to work every day—just as he does.



Dorothy Quayle tells you how to help HIM the talking way

Photo by GABOR GEMES

They live just off Gloucester-road, S.W. in a house crammed full of Staffordshire figures, lustreware, and other evidence of the man who designed the Festival of Britain.

"When my husband asks my advice I give it—even if it is damning. It is far more helpful in the end. Sometimes, when he comes home, very tired, with a design he has worked himself silly on, it is hard to do this. It is easier to be superciliously sympathetic and say: 'That's lovely, don't bother any more.' But I don't think that is being really sympathetic."

"I say what I really think about his design—while trying to be sympathetic over the beastly struggle he has had with it. A wife can only help by being sympathetic—but in the broadest sense. Another 'shop talker' is Lady Bartlett, wife of Sir John, conductor of the Halle Orchestra. They married in 1939.

As Evelyn Rothwell, she played the oboe with the Halle many times before the war. "Of course we talk shop, she says. 'My being a musician as well makes that inevitable. It means that I understand everything, and if he wants to discuss interpretation when he is studying his scores in the evening I can sometimes help a very little. And he helps me too. I give concerts on my own but I try never to be away for more than a few days at a time—although he is perfectly able to look after himself."

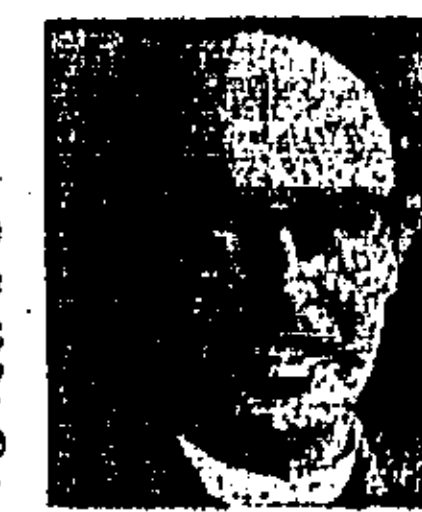
"He is very fond of cooking, but unlike most men geniuses in the kitchen he washes up afterwards. 'I think I probably help just because we enjoy music together.'"

So there you have three women who have found the secret of being helpful wives. Could it be your secret, too? —(London Express Service).

THE QUESTION IN THE VICAR'S MIND AS HE SURVEYS HIS FLOCK

Is the curate a charmer?

"HOW do you get on with women?" This may soon be the first question which a vicar will put to his prospective curate. He knows that the young man will have to spend much of his time at meetings, discussion groups, sales of work, where he will be one of the few males present.



There are now so many women and so few men attending church that if the position deteriorates still further we might just as well hang a young lady in a too-tight skirt and lecturing on too-high heels makes her entrance.

Once, so our parents tell us, Britain had Sunday afternoon services packed with men. Now there is nothing but a sea of feminine faces.

The all-powerful Mothers' Union, with its 475,510 paid-up members in the British Isles, contrasts strangely with its opposite number, the Church of England Men's Society, who number a mere 29,500.

From time to time revolts break out against this female preponderance. These are led in the main, by vicars who find themselves elbowed too closely by the bosoms of their female congregations and struggle frantically to regain both their self-respect and independence.

They sigh

But for every headline "Vicar Shames Mothers' Union," how many scores of ordinary clergy must, for the sake of peace and quiet, give in and allow themselves to be "run" by brilliant matrons. Such incumbrances sigh for the sight of one or two more masculine faces in their congregation.

If any real spiritual work is to be done in the churches of our land then men must begin again to attend church.

None realise this better than the women themselves, who have no wish to see a feminine monopoly where it occurs. They just don't like their own sex enough to be happy working together.

Regrets....
Not so with the women, from whom the poor girl might expect to find the greater understanding. Instead (one regrets to record), on their faces is written a mixture of amusement, pity, and even cynicism. A further danger, however, is that unless this feminine majority is quickly adjusted the clergy themselves may begin to take on the outlook of their congregation.

Unless we can redress the balance our vicars may change before our eyes in much the same way that adopted children acquire both the mannerisms and even a physical resemblance to their foster parents.

Around you see? I can only mention that within the last month or so I have myself acquired a little curl to the waistcoat of my new suit chosen a nylon surplus where a cotton would have suited, and been told of a curious remark made by a small girl to her mother.

She must have been observing me pretty closely because she whispered during the service: "Look, mummy, when she sits down her little blue skirt is the back just like I do!"

Let's Eat

by IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Quick And Easy Recipe For Italian Meat Sauce

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

RECENTLY, the Chef and I attended a gay dinner dance which was held in the elegant Set Room of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Our host was a world-famous newspaper syndicate and the guests included newspaper columnists, writers, cartoonists, important executives and members of the press.

The first course had just been served. There was a slight lull in the music when a woman seated opposite me leaned forward and asked, "Mrs Allen, do you recommend cooking spaghetti with the lid on or off?"

Main Topic

Everybody at the table picked up their extra. From then on throughout the evening food questions came thick and fast. Sometimes interesting talk about food can top party conversation.

In our column this week the Chef and I will answer the most interesting questions.

Let's start with this: Should spaghetti be cooked covered or uncovered?

May Boil Over
The answer is "uncovered." If covered, the contents of the kettle may boil over.

During the process of cooking, a thin residue of gluten and starch from the spaghetti may form on the surface of the water. This will cause steam to concentrate at the edge of the kettle where there is less resistance and so force the water up and over.

The next question was, "Is it possible to make a good quick Italian style meat sauce?"

The Chef gave the recipe between dances, while the guests made notes.

Quick Italian Meat Sauce:
Heat 2 tsp. vegetable oil. Add 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ c. minced onion, 1 section minced garlic and ¼ c. shredded green pepper. Saute until the vegetables are soft.

Add ¼ lb. chopped beef or half beef and veal. Saute until lightly browned, stirring with a fork.

Sir in 2 (8 oz.) cans tomato paste, 2 c. hot water, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper and ¼ tsp. oregano.

Simmer 30 min. Add 2 tsp. grated Parmesan and ½ tsp. grated Romano cheese.

Tomorrow's Dinner

Minestrone
Spaghetti
With Quick Meat Sauce
Big Tossed Green Salad
Strawberries
In Orange Juice
Ladylings
Coffee Tea Milk

ALL Measurements Are Level unless proportioned to serve 4 to 6

Strawberries in Orange Juice: Wash and hull 2 pt. baskets of strawberries.

Place in a bowl. Add ¼ c. sugar and 1 c. orange juice. Chill 30 min.

Serve Ladylings as an accompaniment.

Trick of the Chef

Add a few crisp tender dandelion leaves and a little shredded dandelion (leaves) when tossing a mixed greens salad bowl.

YES! This is John Mills!

AND HIS HOTTEST
SCENE YET HITS
CENSOR TROUBLE

by JOHN LAMBERT

JOHN MILLS, usually the most unswervingly upright of British screen heroes, has come up against censor trouble. His love scenes with SYLVIA SYMS in "Ice Cold in Alex," a suspense story set in the desert sands, are said to be too scorching.

Mills is unrepentant. Says he: "It's a sheer relief to act as if I'm in love with the girl for a change, after many years of giving a polite peck between battles."

But he is killed at the censor. "Love scenes in British films are often condemned as cold," he says, "but most often it is because the actors are not given a chance to warm up."

Why? "Because the censor thinks that love scenes are all right—to long as they are in the cold," he says, "but most often it is because the actors are not given a chance to warm up."



JOHN MILLS IN CENSORED SCENE WITH SYLVIA SYMS IN THE SUN

hour smooching sessions with dialogue. As soon as a British actor takes a girl in his arms the scene has to fade out. Even if his clutches are crooked, film-goers will find a different John Mills in "Ice Cold in Alex." He plays a dissolute, hard-drinking adventurer.

"A really rough, lusty rogue," he says, "it will probably get me cashed from those Service roles."

Problem for Miss Mills

MEANWHILE Mills' 16-year-old daughter JULIET has been facing an awkward dilemma. She had just won a place at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—hard to get these days if you are a girl.

Then "just for fun" she went to an audition called by SIR JOHN GIELGUD in search of a very young girl for the new play "The Retirees," by PETER SHAWER.

Embarrassing result: she got the part. Her problem was: should she act, or should she learn to act?

She plumped for the part.

Boys and the cat skinner, which is the western name for a man who drives a cat-skinning machine with a sunshade fixed on it because of the heat.

Slowly the ranch house, a single storey with eight large, wide rooms, is being furnished.

There is a trophy room for leopard, elephant, buffalo, and other big game which Granger shot on film locations in Africa and India.

Tracy puts the stuffed heads of some animals before she goes to bed. "Goodnight, pussycat, leopard, goodnight pussycat," she says, and her mother adds: "We can never take her to a zoo now—she would put her head right in a tiger's mouth."

On the ranch the world of films and Hollywood is years away. Granger likes to cook. "Every penny Jean and I possess is invested here," he said. "And the mortgage is so big I lie awake thinking about it for four hours every night. Every time I make a film now I put the money straight into the ranch—I want to build up my herd until it is about 800 or 1,000 head. And Jean feels the way I do."

"I always wanted some life like this... I used to go to farms a lot when I was a boy in England. Then, one night in Hollywood, I was or two back, I got to thinking. We had had three houses in Hollywood, and the last one cost £75,000 and £10,000 a year to run."

"I said to Jean: 'We are crazy. All this money we are spending sounds as though we've gone Hollywood. We are just working to keep up this house. Why don't we get something that can work for us?'"

"I sold Jean the idea of a ranch and went out looking right away. Through New Mexico and Arizona and through West. I bought a big ranch near Silver City out in New Mexico first. But there was no place for us to sleep except in the bunk house with cowboys and it was no home for a mother and baby. So I came on out to Arizona and not too far from Tucson, where we got married, I found this ranch."

Legally, from now, his full proper name is James Stewart Granger and she is Jean Stewart Granger—no hyphen.

On the phone Jimmy Granger is talking technically about cross-breeding his Charolais cattle and Jean is saying: "The only trouble out here is I've gone right off beef. Do you mind if Jimmy makes chicken stew for dinner again tonight?"

JEAN SIMMONS came out to look it over, and the big movie was made. The new life began.

Granger's cattle brand was registered and houses, built up for this families of seven cow-

INSIDE SHOW-BUSINESS

WHY WE WANT STARDOM AND HOW WE'RE GOING AFTER IT—BY TWO BLONDES

Interviewed by Patricia Lewis

KIRK DOUGLAS DOES DEAL WITH RUSSIA

KIRK DOUGLAS is the first Hollywood actor-producer to be approved by the Kremlin. He is to star, with a Russian actress, in "Michael Strogoff," to be made entirely in Russia next year. It is an adventure story about a Czar's messenger on an urgent mission. It will be the first Russian American co-production, al-

Sun" transferred this week to the Prince's Theatre, London, with MICHAEL GWINN, now in Michael Redgrave's role as the impoverished schoolmaster suddenly swept off with his family to luxury in the South of France. Redgrave is in Shakespeare at Stratford.

ROSALIND RUSSELL's best friend in the screen version of "Auntie Mame."

RITA HAYWORTH and BURT LANCASTER will star in the Hollywood version of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," the play which was a hit in London last year.

"WEST SIDE STORY," the Broadway musical which every West End management wanted to present here, will be coming to London, but only for a limited season.

Reason: It would be impossible to re-cast the show and retain the original Puerto-Rican flavour so necessary to its success. So the show will go on a good-will European tour, similar to that of "Porgy and Bess" a few years ago.

PETER USTINOV has written a film script based on STEPHEN POTTER'S "Lifemanship," the delicate art of always being one up on the other. Wanted as stars: IAN CARMICHAEL and TERRY-THOMAS.

THE successful new N. C. HUNTER play "Touch of the

MAKING their second film together at Elstree are two young British blondes—Sylvia Syms and Carole Lesley.

Sylvia, 23, married, a dedicated actress, has worked hard for her success through years of slog and study in rep., on tour and in the West End.

Carole, 22, single, was discovered dancing in a cabaret club, signed up without any acting experience or tuition, and immediately pushed into small film parts.

How do these two girls with such diverse backgrounds react to future stardom?

I put the same set of questions to them both when I visited the set of "No Trees in The Street," though I interviewed each girl separately. Here are the questions—and their answers:

WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE A FILM STAR?

CAROLE: I don't know really. I enjoy it when I'm doing it. It's creative work, isn't it? And I don't think I could create anything else.

SYLVIA: "I'm not a star—I'm an actress. But if the two happen to be synonymous—then all right, I'll be a star. But the main thing for me is to be a good actress."

WHAT DOES A GIRL NEED FOR STARDOM?

CAROLE: "Oh! A lot more patience than I have, and an understanding of people. Strength too because you have to give up a heck of a lot."

SYLVIA: "Primarily talent, though I'm confounded by many people who are stars in spite of that. Let's say, then, a personality that registers on the screen."

HAVE YOU CHANGED SINCE YOU STARTED WORKING IN FILMS?

CAROLE: "Yes, a great deal. I have more confidence than I had, but I'm still inclined to be too much of a worrier and that's bad when it affects your work. I think the trouble is that so many people tell you what to do and what not to do, that you get terribly self-conscious, and this can often lead to a sense of inferiority."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU FAILED?

CAROLE: "I can't imagine. I don't like to think of that. Anyway, I never do like to think too far ahead. I suppose something would come to take its place. After all, lots of top stars aren't very happy, are they?"

SYLVIA: "Start—having babies!"



CAROLE LESLEY AMBITION YOU LEARN

SYLVIA: "Not basically. I still like the same music, the same books, and NOT watching TV. I've always lived a quiet life and I'm still not swept up into a social whirl."

HOW IMPORTANT IS SUCCESS TO YOU?

CAROLE: "I never was an ambitious girl, but now so many other people are ambitious for me that, what with the publicity and everything, it would be a pity not to care now I've got so far."

SYLVIA: "It's not success so much as ambition—and those are the same. I don't think they'll change either. I just simply want to be recognized as a very good actress."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU FAILED?

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SYLVIA: "Start—having babies!"

Stewart Granger decides: we stake all on the range from DAVID LEWIN

THE sign by the desert road out of Nogales, the Mexican frontier town, reads: "Yerba Buena Ranch. Owners J. and S. Granger." On the board there is a picture of a healthy white bull and the sign of the ranch itself—Y on a lazy B.

This is the new home of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger... a home on the range with 10,000 acres, 350 head of cattle, a team of cowboys, and a ranch house complete with swimming pool. It is in the big country of Arizona where the scrub and desert, and rocky hills, roll down to the Mexican border and where the Granger family will live for most of the year except for occasional film-making trips.

I am spending two days on the ranch—the first guest from London—watching the few Granger way of life.

The talk is of pedigree cattle called Charolais, which are pure white, and may at £10 a ton.

This week Granger has taken certain key decisions.

NUMBER ONE.—He has sacked his manager and taken over direct running of the ranch himself with his foreman as aide.

NUMBER TWO.—He will sell his other 60,000-acre ranch in New Mexico to concentrate on the Y Lazy B.

Mortgage

GRANGER, big, brooded, wearing western-style calf-length leather boots under slim-cut cavalry trousers, drove me round the land in a horse-drawn carriage. "Every penny Jean and I possess is invested here," he said. "And the mortgage is so big I lie awake thinking about it for four hours every night. Every time I make a film now I put the money straight into the ranch—I want to build up my herd until it is about 800 or 1,000 head. And Jean feels the way I do."

"I always wanted some life like this... I used to go to farms a lot when I was a boy in England. Then, one night in Hollywood, I was or two back, I got to thinking. We had had three houses in Hollywood, and the last one cost £75,000 and £10,000 a year to run."

"I said to Jean: 'We are crazy. All this money we are spending sounds as though we've gone Hollywood. We are just working to keep up this house. Why don't we get something that can work for us?'"

"I sold Jean the idea of a ranch and went out looking right away. Through New Mexico and Arizona and through West. I bought a big ranch near Silver City out in New Mexico first. But there was no place for us to sleep except in the bunk house with cowboys and it was no home for a mother and baby. So I came on out to Arizona and not too far from Tucson, where we got married, I found this ranch."

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Marques, miss, my brother—do you—do you get your general into the Ellyse, he'll develop some trouble and take up half."

Trophies

JEAN SIMMONS came out to look it over, and the big movie was made. The new life began.

Granger's cattle brand was registered and houses, built up for this families of seven cow-

Problems

THIS is the new life of the Grangers: he, the one-time resident of Kensington and she, the girl born in Cricklewood. Even their names are different now. He was born James Stewart, which he had to alter in films because there was a Stewart around already.

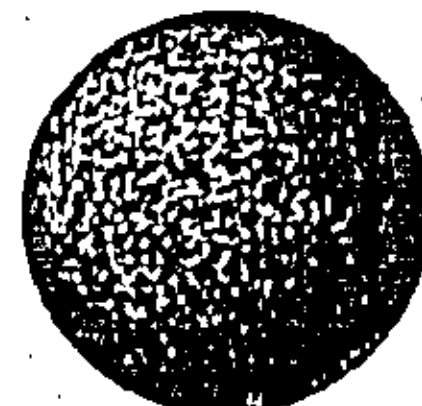
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On the phone Jimmy Granger is talking technically about cross-breeding his Charolais cattle and Jean is saying: "The only trouble out here is I've gone right off beef. Do you mind if Jimmy makes chicken stew for dinner again tonight?"



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RECORDS by PETER BUCHAN

Here is a sound that makes you tingle...

I HAVE just heard the most exciting sound ever to come from a gramophone record.

It is a new device called stereophonic sound, which produces from an apparent ordinary long-playing disc a three-dimensional effect.

Footfalls, recorded as a man walks across a room, set you looking for the man.

With your eyes closed it is possible to "place" accurately the position of any instrument in a symphony orchestra.

How it's done

This, I believe, is the greatest development since electrical recording, greater in its eventual consequences than even the introduction of the long-playing records which began the record boom of the last five years.

How is stereophonic sound produced?

Uncluttered of all its technicalities the explanation is simple. Two microphones record the sounds acting like a pair of human ears. The sounds are played back through two loudspeakers, set a few feet apart. The loudspeaker on the left hears what the left ear would hear. The loudspeaker on the right hears what the right ear would hear.

The result is that most of the sound appears to come from the gap between the two speakers.

Ten are ready

In a back room of a flat in North London—the home of John Maestri, the engineer primarily responsible for developing them—I listened to the first of the 10 stereophonic records that will go on sale at the end of the month.

Larry Adler played his month-old organ as if he were in the room. Marion Ryan sang a song from *My Fair Lady* with an effect that almost put her in the listener's lap.

The Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli crowded in, making the room seem as if it were Manchester's Free Trade Hall, where the recording was made.

The biggest surprise of stereophonic records is the speed with which they have been produced.

The company which has produced them is Pye, a comparative newcomer to records and thought to be nowhere in the stereophonic field. Pye's records are on sale this month and probably cost around 25s. 6d.—little more than the price of an ordinary 10in. long-player.

Biggest snag

The other major companies, H.M.V., Decca, and Philips did not expect stereo records to appear until they produced their own in July or August.

One of the biggest snags to the introduction of stereo discs has been the equipment to play them on.

Stereophonic sound has been available on tape for nearly three years. But the equipment needed to play it cost around £300. It was so massive that only the largest room would take it.

Now stereophonic sound will be available from equipment priced at around £45, comparable to the price of a good, ordinary record-player. Its two speakers will give their effect standing on each side of the fireplace of any ordinary room.

And, most important of all, ordinary records can be played through the same equipment—without the stereophonic effect, of course.

But let me warn you. After hearing stereophonic records the difference is shattering.

New records

At last, at last—the long-player of *My Fair Lady* is ready (Philips, RBL 1000, 12in., 33 r.p.m.). Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, and Stanley Holloway sing the numbers that made the show the biggest hit Broadway has had in years. Strictly speaking Harrison doesn't sing—he talks in time. The result—ns with the whole record—is magnificent.

The biggest hit from *My Fair Lady* will be a song called *The Street Where You Live*. The best version I have heard is by Gary Miller (Nixa, 45 r.p.m.).

The *Melody Lingers On*, 33 (H.M.V. CLP 1183, 12in., 33 r.p.m.), by Frank Cordell and his Orchestra. Of all the sounds I have ever heard on a "pop" record Cordell's version of "Standards" is the most dazzling, the most imaginative and the most technically perfect. Cordell is the conductor behind such "pop" stars as Alma Cogan and Malcolm Vaughan. With his soloists—particularly trombonist Lad Busby, who plays *You Go To My Head*—Cordell

RAMSDEN GREIG'S RECORD COLUMN

Miss Carson strikes oil

THE 'SWEET GEORGIA BROWN' GIRL MADE A FORTUNE IN A NIGHT CLUB

THE publicity woman had said: "She is the most exhilarating woman I know." So, when Mindy Carson flew into London last week, I went to be exhilarated. Miss Carson, who is a neat, petite blonde, said: "Let me tell you about my oil well."

It transpires that when Miss Carson was singing in a Texas night club last year someone suggested that she sing her week's wages into an oil syndicate.

A holiday job

"And now," said Miss Carson, "I've made enough money to give my two children the best possible education." I asked Miss Carson to elaborate a bit more. She said: "Actually I'm just the girl next door—the secretarial type who sings for her friends. That's the real me."

"Then one year I went on holiday to Miami. One evening I went with some friends to a night club. All the girls among us wanted to sing with the band. You know how girls get in night clubs." I said I knew how girls got in night clubs.

"Well," said Miss Carson, "after I had sung my little song the manager of the club told me: 'You've got a very good voice, young lady. We'll pay you 125 dollars a week to sing at the club.'"

On such slender foundations are dice stars built. Miss Carson in her best exhilarating mood went on: "Don't you think that many of the words of present pop songs are really quite trivial? I once flatly refused the chance of recording a song the publishers said would be a smash hit because I didn't like the words. Patil Page did it instead. It was a thing called *How Much Is That Doggie in the Window*."

Having since learned to suppress her opinion of song lyrics in front of publishers Miss Carson has gone on to make a great deal of money recording songs like *Memories Are Made of This*, *You Can't Be True to Two*, *Sugar and Sweet Georgia Brown*.

Due for release this month is Miss Carson's latest—*The Sentimental Touch* (Philips 78). Like Miss Carson it is an exhilarating little number.

(London Express Service.)

HOW UNFAIR TO THE SAINTLY SIR STAFFORD

said his brother going back to his steak and Burgundy

LIFE'S A GAMBLE. By Colonel Fred Cripps. Odhams. 25s. 208 pages.

IN the Zurich restaurant, a cigar and coffee had followed the steak and the Burgundy. The diner, a tall Englishman, had just left the bedside of Sir Stafford Cripps. "I reflected how unjust it seemed that such a really saintly character as my brother, who had done so much good in the world, should have to suffer long years of austerity and many months of pain before lying, comparatively young, while I, who had all my life sought the fleshpots, had suffered hardly at all, and was even able to enjoy a good meal while he was dying."

In this book, Colonel Cripps writes, with no excess of remorse, about his adventures in search of the fleshpots. The search was not an onerous one.

This is a straightforward account of an era when ease, luxury and the pleasures of life could be enjoyed with small effort by a few. It is written by one of the few.

It was an age of mighty gamblers. One night Cripps found his friend Charles Hawtrey the actor-manager, hard at work totting up figures. "When I was a little boy," he explained, "I asked the butler to put a half-crown for me on a horse. It did not win. Ever since, I have been trying to get that half-crown back. It has cost me £37,367 15s. But I am still optimistic."

The 18th Earl of Derby, a great racing man, told Cripps why he never betted. As a young officer, gambling wildly, he had got into monstrous debts. In despair, he raised a few thousand pounds, put them on a horse and put a revolver in his pocket. The horse won; he paid off his debts, and never made another bet.

NO REPAYMENT

In Tourist St. Petersburg, where Cripps went to open a merchant banking house, he was losing heavily at poker one night. Prince Ourousoff offered him £100 worth of counters. The luck turning, Cripps proposed to give the counters back. The Prince was deeply insulted and was only half-appeased by Cripps's apologies.

Later, a Russian diplomat, Nekhludoff, suggested that he should return the counters to Ourousoff, whom he saw frequently. This led to a worse explosion: Ourousoff and Nekhludoff would meet with pistols on the Polo Ground that same morning. Only after extraordinary exertions was this averted: "There was a kind of hysterical outbreak of good fellowship; we all kissed each other."

When Prince Yousouff married, he went to Paris for his honeymoon. At a nearby table in a restaurant, arrived a brother-officer who had been in love with the bride. Yousouff was affronted. He and his brother-officer went back to St. Petersburg, where they met with pistols on the Polo Ground. Yousouff was killed.

"I realized," says Cripps mildly, "that, much as I liked the Russians, they and I held divergent views on the everyday amenities of life and death."

After the Revolution he tried to rescue something from his business in Russia. It was un-rewarding work, and interrupted by his appearance at the Old Bailey on a charge of fraudulent conversion. Lord Rosbery and Lord Beaverbrook were his bailors when, during this action, he found it necessary to go to Russia. "I greatly esteem," says Cripps, "the generous gesture of Lord Beaverbrook. Our friendship has endured through the years and there are few more enjoyable experiences than to be invited, as I am on occasion, to dine with 'Max' and stay overnight so that conversation can continue."



The Baron Clouds The Crete Disaster

DAEDALUS RETURNED. By Baron von der Heydte. Hutchinson. 16s.

THE battle of Crete has the rare distinction of being assessed as a military calamity by both the victors and the vanquished.

British and New Zealand forces lost almost 15,000 killed, wounded and captured. The defeat gravely threatened our whole position in the Middle East. Churchill's grandiloquent prose hardly rose to the occasion when he called it in his memoirs "a disaster."

The Germans were no happier. "The Fuehrer" was most displeased with the whole affair. General Student, commander-in-chief of the German paratroops, told me when I interrogated him after the war. Their casualties were almost as large as those of the British and the experience discouraged Hitler from other large-scale air-drops planned for Cyprus and Malta.

Baron von der Heydte was the battalion commander who eventually captured Crete, the Crete capital, after it had been abandoned by the British. His book is chiefly atmospheric; a blend of low-level fighting, mythology, descriptive writing, personal philosophy, a kind of Teutonic One Pillar of Wisdom.

It adds absolutely nothing to the strategic picture we already know, and probably clouds it up a bit.

Guide book

The author has an almost travelogue approach to the battle. "On your left, we have the Acropolis gleaming

by the hand and held it for a long time. I thank you! was all he said; but the grasp of his hand and those three short words were quite sufficient for me."

It is odd, too, to discover that Baron von der Heydte is now a professor of international law at a German university. I certainly trust his legal theories have changed from those he held when I, as an Intelligence officer, was trying to guess what he was up to on the Western Front.

For in 1944 the Baron had this to say to the men who had just been sent to his regiment: "I demand of every soldier the renunciation of all personal wishes. Whoever swears on the Prussian flag has no right to personal possessions! From the moment he enlists in the paratroops and comes to my regiment, every soldier enters the new order of humanity.... There is only one law henceforth for him—the law of our unit." It is not a speech which is recorded in the Baron's book on Crete.

—MILTON SHULMAN (London Express Service.)

FICTION SHELF

By Laurence Marks

● Balthazar. Lawrence Durrell. Faber, 16s. Second tier of a grand four-decker novel about life, love and death in Alexandria, in which the people and events of the first volume (Justice) are scrutinised through different eyes. Mr Durrell's grasp of character, his subtle feeling for atmosphere and his precise, diamond-sharp prose are as impressive as ever.

● An End To Dying. Sam Astrachan. Barrie, 15s. Chronicle of the fortunes of a Jewish family over three generations, starting in pre-revolutionary Russia and ending in present-day New York.

The author writes about death, in particular, with the power of a new Hemingway. A notable first novel from America.

● September Roses. Andre Maurois. Bodley Head, 12s. 6d. M. Maurois describes with subdued, indulgent irony, a love affair between a celebrated, middle-aged French novelist and a predatory young Peruvian actress, during a lecture tour of South America—and its aftermath in Paris when the Master's possessive wife gets to hear about it.

The delicate writing has an agreeably old-fashioned flavour.

(London Express Service.)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Excuses and Explanations

By Harry Weinert

WHEN A LADY'S BANK ACCOUNT IS OVERDRAWN, SHE EXPLAINS IT WITH THIS SIMPLE STATEMENT:



ALL EXCUSES SHOULD BE REHEARSED AND THE COUGH MADE CONVINCING—IF THAT'S YOUR STORY FOR STAYING AWAY FROM THE OFFICE.



"EVERYBODY'S WEARING 'EM!"



"DON'T TELL ME THAT OLD 'GRANDMOTHER' ROUTINE STILL WORKS!"



IT'S HARD TO GET AN EXPLANATION OUT OF SOME KIDS—THEY DON'T NEED A LAWYER.

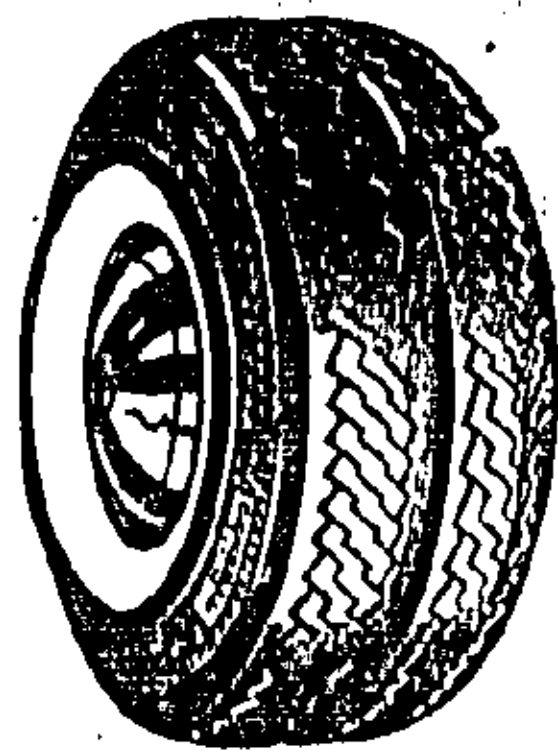


A WRITTEN AFFIDAVIT FROM THE SICK FRIEND YOU SAID YOU SAT UP WITH MIGHT HELP—BUT WE DOUBT IT.

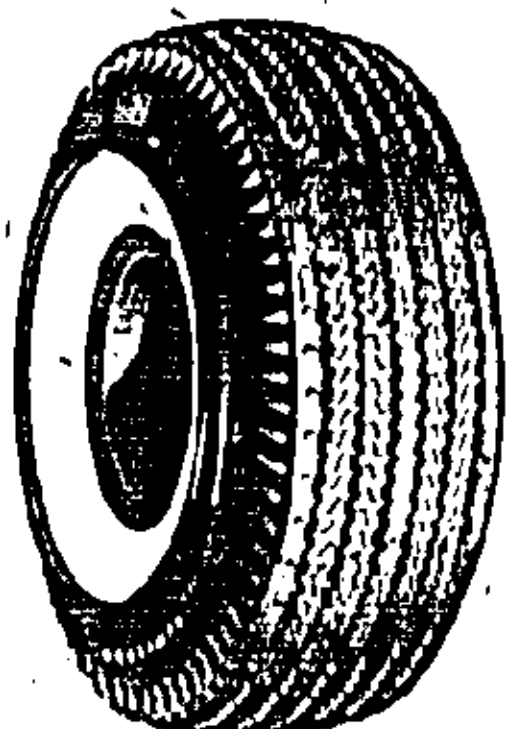


GENERAL TYRES

DUAL 90



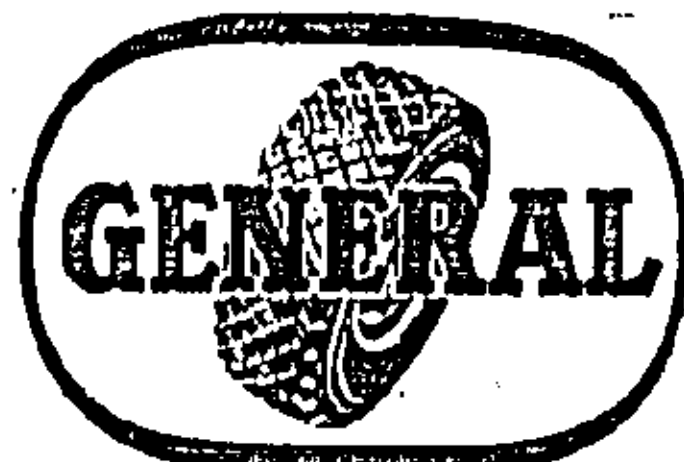
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Music by Coloso L. Carrillo & His Quintet Moderne

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Saturday Soccer Spot

THE MAGIC OF STAN MATTHEWS

Soccer's First Gentleman Is
A Legend Wherever
The Game Is Played

By I. M. MACTAVISH

This weekend Hongkong will have its first opportunity of seeing Blackpool, one of Britain's most famous professional football teams, in action.

It is already certain that this will be a great double occasion and whatever the result of the two games we must congratulate the Hongkong Football Association, not only on its enterprise, but also on its tenacity.

It would have been very easy a week or so ago to have thrown the whole provocative project overboard. Such a decision would have been both pardonable and understandable in view of all the frustrating complications which arose. But I can assure you that if that had happened it would have been a bitter disappointment to the members of the Blackpool club as it would have been to the football fans in this soccer-minded Colony.

The visit of the Tangerines is surely the greatest thing that has ever happened to Hongkong football. The Blackpool advance party which arrived a few days ago has already created a first-class impression in this community and there is no doubt that Mr Albert Hindley — the Chairman of the club — will be able to give the rest of the team plenty of good local advice when they arrive.

In spite of Blackpool's impressive record down through the years I am sure the club officials will not, misunderstand or feel elated if I say that Hongkong is keyed up to the point of impatience to see Stanley Matthews in action.

The position which he holds in the game is surely unique and in these days of changing ideals and values it may be that we shall never see his like again. More has been written about him than about any other man who has made football his career.

He is known, at least by reputation, wherever the game is played and even those who have never seen him dazzle the opposition enjoy a strange familiarity with him. To them he represents everything that is best in football.

An Idealist

Matthews is a legend, a magical legend which has enhanced the game he has served so well, but he is more than that. He is an idealist whose career has been inspired by his never-ending search for soccer perfection.

Stanley would be the last to suggest that he has come anywhere near to finding it but those who have played with him, and against him, believe he has come nearer to it than anyone else yet. When one has the opportunity of speaking to him, it is quickly obvious that he is still searching and still learning.

Of such stuff is greatness made. In such a man is the true essence of football to be found.

It would be interesting some time to try and calculate the miles Matthews has travelled to play football. He has performed in some of the remotest parts of Africa where the local fans had him crowned 'King of Football'; he has just been half across the

world to entertain the Australians and of course he is taking the long way home to play here. North and South America have also seen him in action and his achievements in many European countries are bright spots in soccer history.

Personal Pleasure

I count it as one of my personal pleasures that I have watched him play on many occasions and in many different circumstances. I have watched him tempt, tease and tantalise my countrymen on the international field. I have watched him tempt, tease and tantalise losing side at Wembley in a Cup Final—how often I have wished I could have been present when Blackpool won that memorable final in 1953. I have also watched him in the domestic League games which are the backbone of English football and also as though to prove he was human after all I saw him blotted right out of a wartime Scottish Cup match by a young player called — I believe — McCluskey who played for St Mirren and who strangely enough dropped right out of the game almost immediately after his hour of success against Matthews.

I think many of the best stories about Stanley are the true or twisted ones told by the players who have, over a wide span of years, been his contemporaries.

There was, for example, a brilliant Irish contemporary when Cook was with Everton named Alex Stevenson who rose to fame with Glasgow Rangers. Stevenson never let up on Cook Matthews-Cook stories were conjured up in Stevenson's brain.

There was, for example, Stevenson's pre-international

Sammy Cox, the famous Scottish defender, never tired of telling of his many tussles with Stanley and he was once quoted as saying that he hoped the Scottish selectors would go on and on picking him as he felt certain that on the law of averages Matthews was bound to have a bad game some time then, for once he might look good by comparison.

Close Views

One of my schoolboy pals Billy Cook was destined to get some particularly close views of Stanley in action and I'm sure the old maestro must have many memories of his tiffs with the tough lovable Irishman who himself won so many of the game's honours.

Cook—who lived in Scotland from his earliest days—was a great storyteller and it was almost inevitable that when he got chin-wagging, Stanley Matthews was one of his favourite subjects. . . . and always the story was told against Cook himself.

A brilliant Irish contemporary when Cook was with Everton was a pint-sized inside-forward named Alex Stevenson who rose to fame with Glasgow Rangers. Stevenson never let up on Cook Matthews-Cook stories were conjured up in Stevenson's brain. There was, for example, Stevenson's pre-international



STANLEY MATTHEWS, THE FOOTBALLER — EIGHTY-SIX TIMES ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL—Photo shows him in action in one of the League matches (on left).—Reuter Photo.

story about Cook sending a most legal-looking document to the Irish selectors informing them that he had just investigated his family history. This was alleged to have established that he was more Irish on his right side than on his left, so would they please select him at right back and not left back and thus get him as far away from Matthews as possible without actually dropping him.

Cook once said that if Stanley was ever on the run the Police should engage him to trace the elusive winger because no one knows him better than I—from the back. . . .

Truth From Fiction

Stanley has been the subject of so many such stories that it is now difficult to separate the truth from the fiction. However, I always remember being told personally by a well-known full back with a fashionable London club that he knew exactly how to stop Matthews—but that he had not finished working on the second part of the plan which would keep him out of the Old Bailey!!

Such then is the magic of Matthews. It cannot be analysed yet it cannot be denied. It is surely significant that here in

Hongkong—10,000 miles from the scenes of his greatest triumphs—there is a red carpet welcome for him in the twilight of his magnificent career.

It should be appreciated too that Stanley is not coming here as a sort of star turn in ordinary company; he is here as one cog in a powerful team in which there are many brilliant footballers who have themselves won the highest honours the game has to offer.

Unsung and almost unknown here in Hongkong for example is veteran guest star Jimmy Hagan—from Sheffield United, one of the greatest ball-playing inside-forwards England has ever produced and who was robbed of the due rewards of his skill by World War II.

There is a risk that Hagan will steal the show in Hongkong for the playing conditions here will be ideal for his style of play but the hearts of the Chinese fans — and let me mention to our visitors that the football fans in this Colony know their soccer and delight in displays of skill—will be wishing and willing Stanley Matthews to a pinnacle performance so that in the years to come they can tell the new generation of footballers that

they saw Matthews play 'right at the top of his form'. The Blackpool officials are delighted with the conditions under which they will have to play. They are well aware that in Hongkong they are going to face the strongest opposition they have tackled since they left home . . . and they are determined to keep their unbeaten record.

Greatest Occasion

The stage is now set for the greatest occasion in our football history. Our boys will play as they have never done before to prove to their illustrious guests that Hongkong football also has a proud tradition to maintain. Much depends on Ho Chung-yau and Yiu Cheuk-yin in attack and on the steadiness of Lau Yee in defence but whatever happens I have a feeling that Blackpool will know they have been in a game.

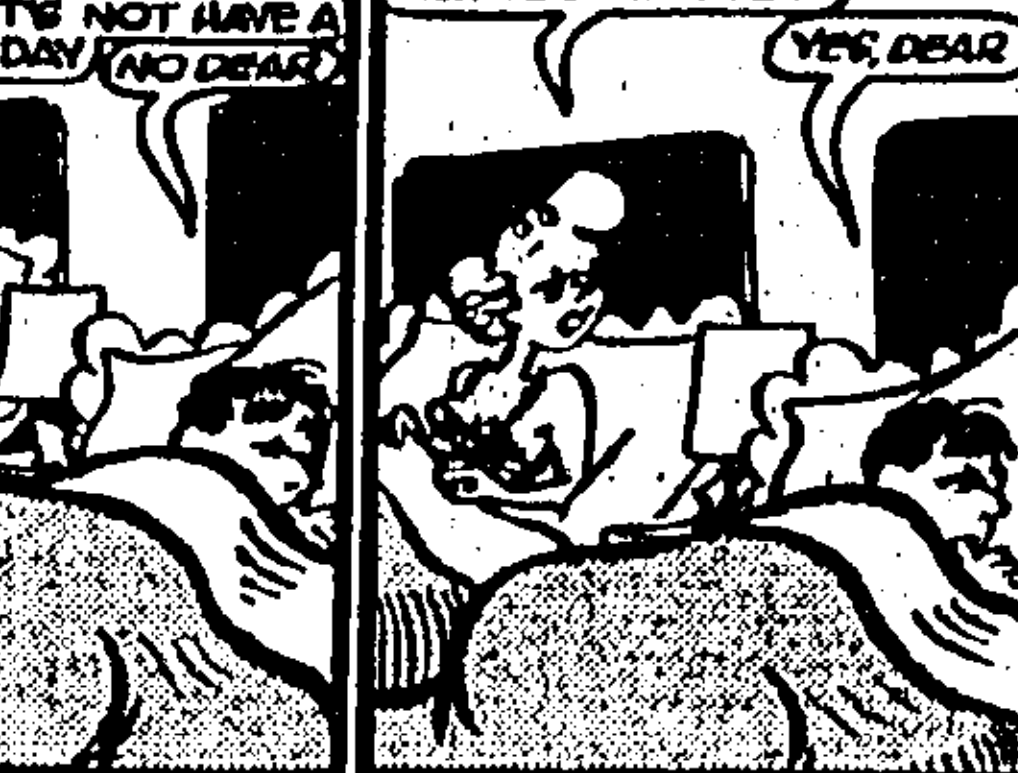
I am doing no tipping this time but I believe Blackpool will win only if they can subdue our two brilliant inside forwards. The magnificent green turf and the powerful lights will provide a supreme setting for the game . . . may it be an excellent one . . . punctuated, as all Hongkong fans hope, by the magic of Matthews.

THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



By Barry Appleby



By Barry Appleby



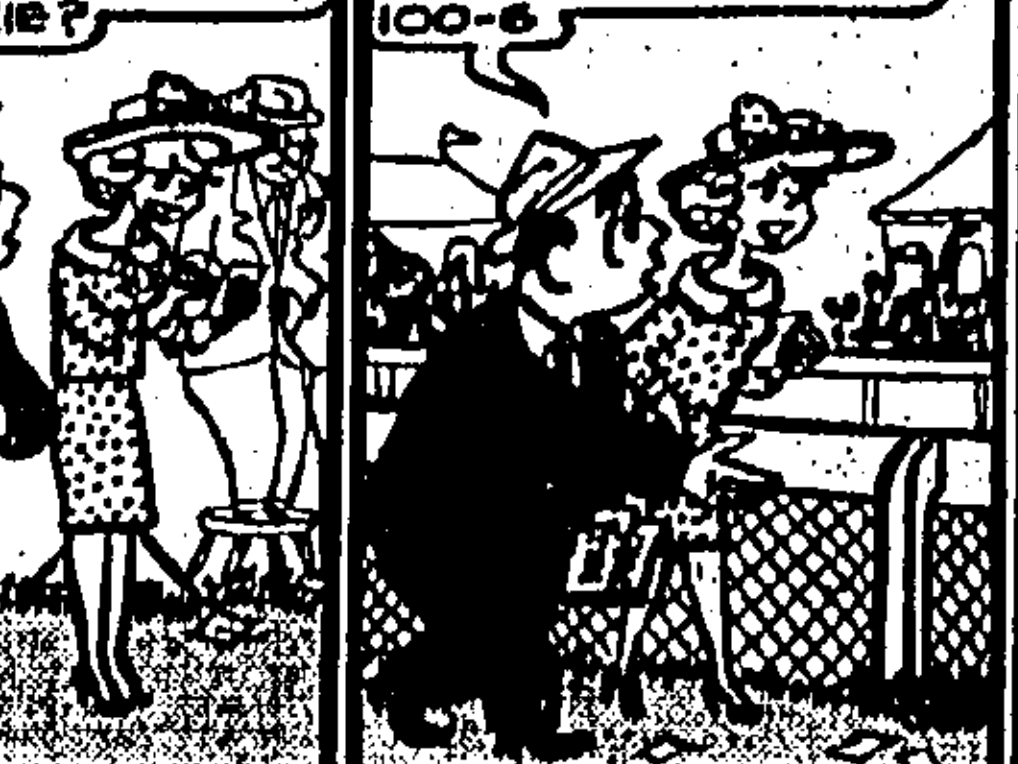
By Barry Appleby



WHAT ODDS DID YOU GET?



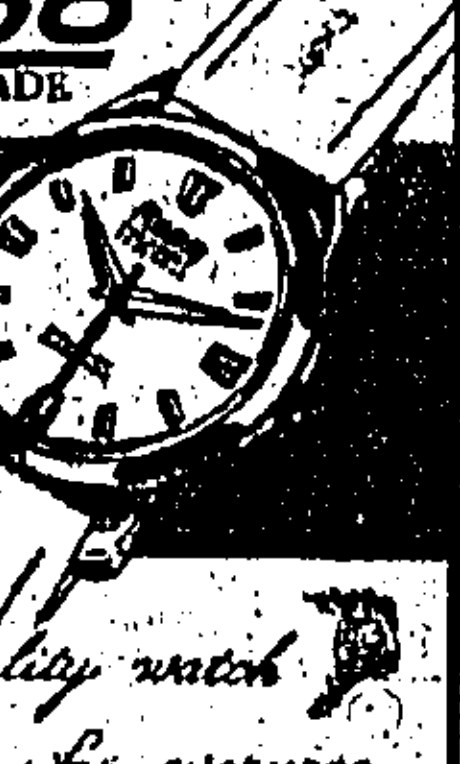
WHY DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE NEXT BOOKIE?



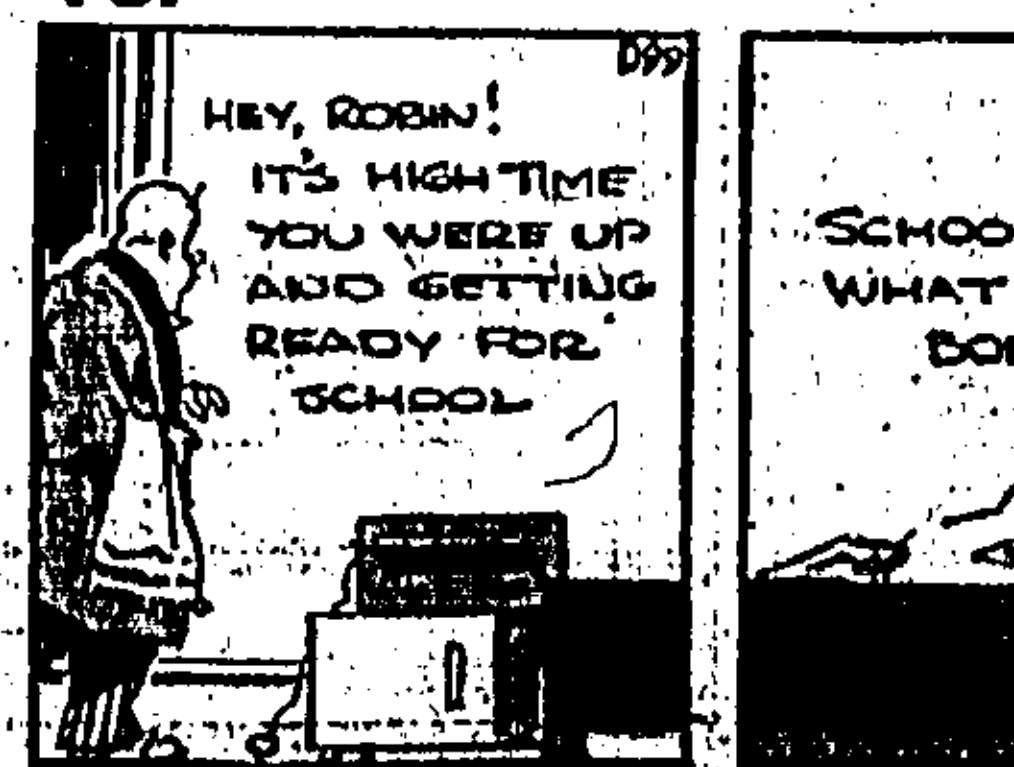
YOU COULD HAVE GOT 100-5



BUT I HADN'T GOT SIX GALLINGS



POP



Class by himself



PRECIOUS DRUGS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS



CHERRY HEERING



SPORTS QUIZ

- Who was the last boxer to win a world heavyweight title fight in the first round? And whom did he knock out?
- Which country won:— (a) the first Wightman Cup contest, (b) the first Davis Cup contest?
- With which sports do you associate these brothers:— (a) John and Mel Charles, (b) Alec and Eric Bedser, (c) Dick and Randolph Turpin?
- Which country will be the host for the World Soccer Cup competition in 1962?
- Two golfers have won the American Women's Open Championship three times. Name one of them.
- Which cricketer has made the highest score in one Test innings while he was captain of England?
- Which tennis player reached the Wimbledon men's singles final in 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927 and 1928?
- Whom did featherweight Hogan Kid Bassey beat last year to become the first Nigerian holder of a world boxing title?
- The Vth British Empire Games will be held in Wales in July. Which countries have already staged the Empire Games?
- Born at Manassa, Colorado won world title from Jess Williams. . . . held it for seven years. . . . What is the name?

(Answers on Page 17)

World Cup Soccer Starts Tomorrow

HISTORIES OF THE CLUBS

UP-AND-DOWN CLUB WHICH MADE SOCCER HISTORY

By TIM GORDON

Leeds United has never won the Cup nor the first division championship. But it made soccer history in 1957 as the club to receive the biggest-ever transfer fee for one player—£25,000 for John Charles from the Italian club, Juventus, with a further £10,000 going to Charles himself.

The size of that fee staggered the world; but then they have rather a habit of surprising people in Leeds. The Yorkshire city is in a hot-bed of Rugby League and Rugby Union football, and if you delve back in the Leeds archives, you will discover that the club was partly founded by a disgruntled group of rugby players. In 1904, Holbeck Rugby Club, in the second division of the Northern Union—Rugby League, as it is now known—lost in a play-off for promotion with St. Helen's.

The Holbeck men were so fed-up, that they linked up with a flourishing soccer team from Hunslet, and emerged as Leeds City F. C. They took as their ground Holbeck's Eland Road headquarters, at a yearly rental of £75.

The Leeds City club went into action in the September of 1904, and won a wartime championship in 1918. When League soccer recommenced after the war, it looked as though the club was in for a grand run. But after beating Wolves 4-2 away on October 4, 1910, that Leeds City team never played together again.

Suspended

Nine days later, the club was suspended by the Football League, following accusations of irregularities by a former director and ex-player.

To find new places for the Leeds City players, the League invited other clubs to bid for their services, and the rooms and corridors of a Leeds hotel became a market place.

One of the players transferred was inside-forward Billy Kirton, a newcomer to Leeds. A few months later, he scored the goal which enabled Aston Villa to beat Huddersfield Town in the 1920 Cup Final.

The city of Leeds did not have to wait long for a new club, for in May 1920 a new side bearing the name Leeds United was admitted to the second division of the Football League.

At a meeting held in Leeds, the great centre-half, Ernie Hart, later to play for England, was signed and in 1924 the club won promotion to the first division for the first time. United stayed up three seasons, then fell back to the second division. But the very next season, up went Leeds again.

All Set For One Of Europe's Biggest Yachting Regattas

By JAN BORG

Norway.

One of the biggest International yachting regattas in Europe this season will be held at the famous yachting resort Hango, a little island in the Oslo Fjord, 80 kilometres, south of Oslo, in connection with the Royal Norwegian Yachting Club's 75th anniversary.

According to the organisers of the regatta, which will be staged from July 9 to July 14, twelve nations have accepted the invitation, but the total is expected to be fifteen before the deadline.

These nations are: England, USA, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, France, Germany, Finland, Italy, Norway, Sudan, Holland, Philippines, Poland and Singapore.

More than 200 boats with crews totalling 600 men will start in the regatta at Hango. Among those who will take part are King Olav V of Norway and his son Crown Prince Harald. A big passenger liner has been hired to accommodate all the participants during the competition.

Lars Torn, of Sweden, who won a gold medal with his boat *Bash V* in the Melbourne Olympic Games, will be among the favourites in the popular 5.5-metre class. In the same class, the Marquis of Milford Haven will represent England with the new *Medea*, while the Duke of Edinburgh in his popular *Blue Bird*, will also take part. United Press International.

K. J. Gulliksen who will sail *Marilyn* and *Pohjanheiti*.

In the six-metre class England will send *Royal Thames* and *Maryleto* with probably Michael Crean and Lt. Col. Harrison at the helm. United States will have *Lanoria* owned by Magnus Konow and the Little Sister with Frederick C. Oberheimer, while Sweden in this class will be represented by the famous *May Be VII*. Norway starts in the same class with *Yam Sing* and *Hanko*, both well known in International regattas.

Denmark will have T. Warner and Ole Bernthsen as its representatives in the Dragon class, in which F. Rambaud, who is coming from Danmark with his *Danica* will also compete. The Duke of Edinburgh in his popular *Blue Bird*, will also take part. United Press International.

BRAZIL IS MY CHOICE FOR THE TITLE

England Makes A Big Blunder

Says DAVID JACK

The greatest Soccer competition in the world starts tomorrow, and I shall be on the spot to tell readers all about it. I am hoping to see the cream of the soccer-playing nations fighting—not too literally, I trust—for the honour of being declared champions of the world.

To refresh your memory, here are the 10 countries who survived the eliminating games to qualify for the trip to Sweden:

GROUP 1.—Germany, Czechoslovakia, Argentina, Ireland.

GROUP 2.—Paraguay, France, Yugoslavia, Scotland.

GROUP 3.—Sweden, Mexico, Hungary, Wales.

GROUP 4.—Russia, Austria, Brazil, England.

The opposition is going to be tough. None but the greatest will survive to the quarter-final stage. And, before going deeply into the reasons for my choice, I shall stick out my neck and forecast the final eight nations (two from each group):

Group 1: Argentina and Ireland.

Group 2: Yugoslavia and Paraguay.

Group 3: Sweden and Hungary.

Group 4: Brazil and England.

I am sorry if these views upset Scotland and Wales—but no honest critic who has watched Scottish and Welsh international football recently could expect either country to win anything.

Luck of the draw has placed Scotland and Wales in the "softest" quarters of the competition. While England and Ireland battle against the giants, Scotland and Wales have been given opportunity of coasting into the last eight. BUT I STILL THINK THEY ARE TOO POOR TO ACCEPT THE GIFT.

I expect England and Ireland to reach the quarter-finals, but I have no confidence in either lifting the trophy.

Blunder

England's chances were bright—until the selectors announced the 20 players to represent us in Sweden. After years of consistently uninspired dithering, the selection committee have reserved their biggest blunder for the biggest occasion—the World Cup.

Never mind the defence. They will not let England down. But the forward line has no pretensions to being representative of the talent at the disposal of the country.

Main headache is the centre-forward position. Tom Finney, Nat Lofthouse and Ronnie Allen are the best centre-forwards in England. Yet Finney travels to Sweden as an outside-left—position he dislikes—while Lofthouse and Allen are not even being taken along for the ride.

If the selectors do not want to play Finney at centre-forward they should have brought back Lofthouse.

But big Derek Kevan, who has never looked an England player, retains the confidence of the selectors as first choice, and his understudy is another "bang, crash, wallop" merchant, Bobby Smith, of Spurs, who has never played for England.

Off Form

Look at the other forwards alleged to be England's greatest. Bryan Douglas has had three indifferent international outings in succession, and I have no doubt we shall be lamenting the absence of Stanley Matthews as soon as we arrive in Sweden.

Johnny Haynes is right off form. Bobby Robson lacks the subtlety of ball control to "tidy" really great defences, and Finney's left-wing understudy is Alan A'Court, whose selection—like that of right winger Peter Brabrook—must baffle anyone who believes in England class being something better than club class.

ALL OF WHICH CAUSES ME RELUCTANTLY TO WRITE OFF ENGLAND IN THE WORLD CUP.

Until I saw Russia play England in Moscow, I thought the Russians were likely winners. But the Soviet team that played us in the Lenin Stadium was unbelievably bad—indeed, I likened them to an English Third Division side.

If we rate Russia as good as most European nations, we must turn to South America in the search for the 1958 World Cup winners.

My nomination? Brazil, despite the mediocre stuff they served up when I last saw them in action. That was at Wembley in 1956, when England gave them a good hiding. BUT THAT PARTICULAR BRAZILIAN ELEVEN HAS BEEN WRITTEN OFF, AS IT DESERVED TO BE.

Normally, South American nations cannot be taken home form when they visit Europe, but I fancy Brazil are good enough even to overcome this traditional handicap.

Argentina are also strong, but Paraguay—to quote a Brazilian friend who has seen them recently—are "horrible."

What of the European challengers? Yugoslavia, a brilliant team when they beat England in Belgrade recently, must come into the reckoning. So, too, must Sweden, the host nation, who virtually got a goal start in every match thanks to their home supporters.

Brazil, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Argentina, England and Ireland—the quarter-final line-up takes shape. My other two nominations are Hungary and Paraguay—but as neither team carries the confidence of its own supporters, I am not putting any money on them.

Trouble

I know I am asking for trouble tipping winners—and losers—in such distinguished company because, without going further back than the last two World Cup tournaments, it is an accepted fact that favourites invariably come unstuck.

At Rio de Janeiro in 1950, Brazil were probably the hottest favourites of all time. They reached the final with several

colossal victories under their belts, and faced Uruguay, who were not given a chance by the experts. Yet the Uruguayans, despite the fanatical efforts of 150,000 "home" supporters, scraped through 2-1.

At Bern in 1954, it was Hungary—the Magical Magyars—who dominated the competition. Served by such brilliant artists as Boszik, Puskar, Kocsis and Hidvegi, they were faced with the formality of licking an unimpressive German team in the final.

Having beaten their two greatest rivals, Brazil and Uruguay, on the road to the final, Hungary looked as good as there. But a combination of circumstances—injuries, offside goals, and so forth—robbed the Hungarians of the victory they had earned. Germany won 3-2, and the forecasters were compelled to reflect on the instability of their profession.

No doubt by June 29—the date of the World Cup Final—many more "hot tips" will have fallen by the wayside. That is as it should be, because surprise is the very essence of this wonderful game.

Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: CCC "B" v KCC, IRC v Tellico, Revere "A" v CCC "A".

2nd Division: FC "B" v KCC, IRC v KCC, Revere v KCC, KCC v CCC, KCC v UBRIC, PRC v KCC, SC v IRC.

3rd Division: IRC v FC, KCC v CCC, KCC v UBRIC, PRC v KCC, SC v IRC.

4th Division: FC v PRC, KCC v Revere, TC v KCC.

Swimming: Annual Swimming Meet of Chung Chi College, EYMCA, 2 p.m. Inter-school swimming heats, Chung Sing Pavilion, 2.30 p.m.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Rocky Marciano knocked out Jersey Joe Walcott in the first round of their title fight in 1953.

2. The United States won both.

3. (a) Soccer, (b) Cricket, (c) Boxing.

4. Chile.

5. Mrs George (Mildred "Babe" Didrikson) Zaharias, Miss B. Rawls.

6. Peter May, 285 against West Indies in 1957.

7. Jean Borotra.

8. Cherif Hamis of France.

9. Canada (twice), England, Australia and New Zealand.

10. Jack Dempsey.

English Rugby League Coach Barred From Field In Australia

Sydney, June 7.

Jim Brough, English Rugby League coach, will be barred from going onto the field of play during today's match against New South Wales at the Sydney cricket ground.

Brough, who also acts as trainer of the tour team, clashed with referee Laurie Burke at Leeton. In the Riverina v. England game yesterday.

Pearce, who will handle today's match, said the local rules would apply and these would require Brough to keep off the field.

"If players are injured they can be attended to by ambulance men," said Pearce.

Pearce stated that under New South Wales rugby league rules coaches were not allowed on the touchline either but referees had no jurisdiction over that question.

Near Test Team

The English selectors have chosen a near test team, for today's match here against New South Wales.

Centre Phil Jackson and half-back Alex Murphy will reappear having recovered from injuries. England's team is—

Full-back—E. Fraser; Three-quarters—Southward, P. Jackson, A. Davies, M. Sullivan; Five-eighths—D. Bolton; Half-back—A. Murphy; Forwards—V. Karallus, R. Huddart, F. Edgar, A. Prescott (Captain), T. Harris, B. Meligue, A. Terry, Gukashon, Mam Moryn.



Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.

OMEGA

DO NOT REST ON PAST RECORDS

IT IS

UP TO DATE FACTS THAT COUNT

Every year the Swiss watch manufacturers turn out a limited number of chronometers, that is to say, watches that have been submitted to one of the seven Swiss official testing stations, for an exact test in extreme temperatures and in five different positions. Having passed these stringent technical requirements they receive the official award testifying to their supreme accuracy.

In 1957, more than 100 Swiss manufacturers submitted their wrist chronometers to the Swiss Watch Institute for certification.

HERE ARE THE FIGURES FOR 1957 BASED UPON OFFICIAL STATISTICS

Total Wrist Chronometers produced by the Swiss Watch Industry—		
Made up as follows:—		
OMEGA	43,603	47.42 %
Nearest competitor	34,143	37.13 %
All others	14,204	15.45 %

It will be seen from this table that Omega led the field in 1957 with the impressive number of 43,603 Constellation chronometers or 47.42% of the industry's total.

Thus the ever-increasing demand for this superb masterpiece has made the Constellation the leader among the wrist chronometers.

OMEGA

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

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OMEGA * *Trasot*

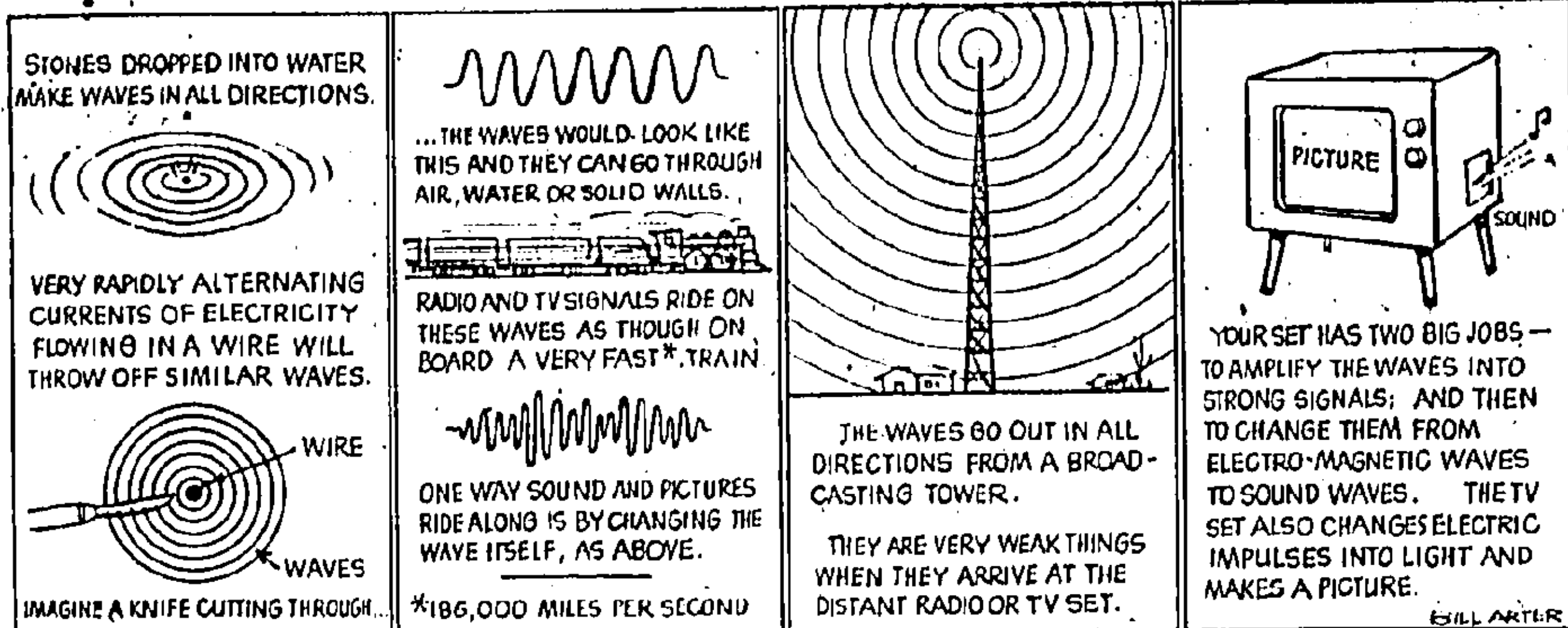
86, Jardine House.



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



You Should Know—How Sound, Pictures Travel



True Adventure—Imagine Fishing With Plants

DO you know that plants are used as fish bait in several parts of the world? For instance, if you lived in the Canary Islands and wanted to go fishing, you would not dig a can full of angworms and get out your pole and tackle.

Instead, you would gather a handful of euphorbia leaves.

After crushing these between two rocks or blocks of wood so that the white milky juice oozed out, you would merely throw them into the water of your favorite fishing pool.

After waiting a few minutes, you would see the fish in that pool rise to the surface. Some

would splash about crazily while others might even jump. After a few minutes more, however, all would stop struggling and would float motionless on the surface except for opening and closing their gills to breathe.

All this fisherman needs to do now is to wait until the water and air are calm, then he can scoop up those he wants with his hands or a net.

He must work fast, however, for in a few minutes the fish float into fresh water and start regaining consciousness.

At first these fish may swim about crazily, but finally, they dive beneath the surface as they regain their full powers.

The euphorbia is only one of many plants which can be used as fish bait. They are found in all parts of the world.

The Caribs of Guiana find the leaves of the mazzetta tree very satisfactory for this purpose, while a number of primitive African tribes use the sweet-scented flowers of the muck-nyoko tree.

Our own American Indians also had their fish bait plants, those of the southeastern states using seeds of the red buckeye and those of California, the pounded leaves and roots of the soap plant as well as those of the common turkey mullein.

Although the juices of none of these plants permanently poison or injure fish, most of us would prefer our own type of fishing.

There is nothing that quite equals the thrill of safely landing a big fish after a struggle.



In some parts of the world all you'll need to catch some fish is a few leaves.

How Birdy Williams Really Used His Head

FRED STONE, Bob Martin, and Eddie Maxwell each sporting a varsity sweater with a big "W," sat chatting in a booth at Pop Hanson's Chocolate Shop.

A full lad entered from the street and ordered a soft drink at the marble counter.

He was not the athletic type. His arms of abnormal length hung nearly to his knees. His neck bent forward from slightly rounded, slanting shoulders.

Prominent upper teeth made a noticeable receding chin more pronounced.

He turned his head and remarked, "Hi fellers."

The three all responded, "Hi, Birdy. Come on down."

He shook his head, "Haven't got time. Got a snow shovelling job."

He drained his treat and went out. Then he came back, poked his head in the door, and shouted, "Tell coach I'll be a little late for basketball practice."

Fred looked at Bob, and smiled. "Poor Birdy," he sighed, "He tries so hard, but he lacks the talent."

"That's true," Bob replied. "We used to call him Birdbrain. Soon it changed to Birdy. He doesn't mind, though. He's good-natured."

Eddie Maxwell spoke up. "Tough luck. He's been trying to make his 'W' for three years. Just can't make the grade."

Fred spoke. Fred was captain of the Washburn hoops. "I know," he agreed, "Birdy lacks speed. He's got slow reflexes, always doing the wrong thing, like shooting at the opponents' basket or mauling a pass. However, I'm going to try and get him into that tournament game. If only for a minute. That would get him his letter, and he'd be the happiest guy in the world."

"A good idea," the others agreed. The regular basketball schedule was completed. Now Washburn High had a coming contest with Stanton for district selection for the state tournament. It was only two days away.

Practice came at 4 o'clock. Fred got his chance to contact Coach McGee, and he said, "If it's possible, coach, the boys would like to see Williams get in a minute. Friday night, to win his letter."

Coach McGee nodded. "We'll have to wait and see. We might be able to get a decent lead, and I'll put him in."

"Bahi!" said Hiawatha, looking at Teddy. "You don't hunt whales in jungles."

"You don't?" said Teddy in surprise. "Where do you hunt them?"

"In the ocean!" said Hiawatha.

"That's funny," said Teddy. "What are they doing in the ocean? But anyway," he went on, "even if you don't hunt whales in the ocean, that won't stop me from hunting. I'll get a big hook and a big fishing pole and catch them that way!"

"Bahi!" said Hiawatha. "That's not how you catch whales. You spear them with a harpoon, Teddy," said Knarf.

"What's a harpoon?" asked Teddy.

"It's like a spear. You see a whale floating on top of the water and you throw the harpoon at it. A long rope is attached to the harpoon. Then you pull the whale in."

At this moment, General Tin, the Tin Soldier, who was standing on the other side of the room, with his musket over his shoulder, spoke up.

"I couldn't help overhearing what you gentlemen were saying. Did I ever tell you about the time that I went hunting for a whale?"

Knarf and Teddy and Hiawatha said they had never heard General Tin's story, although they were well aware that he was a very famous hunter.

"Make yourselves comfortable," General Tin said, "and I'll tell you exactly what happened when I went hunting for this whale."

Knarf and Teddy and Hiawatha promptly sat down on the floor at General Tin's feet. He looked down at them, smiled, cleared his throat and began.

"I was in a ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, when there, not a dozen yards away



Birdy didn't get his hands up in time. The ball struck him squarely in the forehead.

Washburn got one more basket and a foul, but Stanton caught two long shots to tie the score.

With one minute to go, Coach McGee was desperate. He called to Birdy Williams, "I'm going to put you in. Get the tip-offs to Martin and Newell, and try to feed them when they break for the basket."

Williams, eager and excited, nodded. Words wouldn't come. The coach patted him on the back and said, "Go in there and USE YOUR HEAD."

Stanton had the ball outside. The ball came in. Down the floor, Martin rushed, across and blocked a pass, lobbing it across to Maxwell.

They passed back and forth, watching for an opening.

—DICK MURRAY

Hunting For A Whale

—How General Tin Landed On The North Pole—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow boy, with the Turned-About Name, Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hiawatha, the Small-Sized Wooden Indian were talking about going on a hunting expedition.

"I'd like to hunt alone," said Knarf. "The lion is the King of the forest."

"I'd like to hunt whales," said Teddy. "I'd go to every jungle in the world until I found a whale."

Not in Jungles

"Bahi!" said Hiawatha, looking at Teddy. "You don't hunt whales in jungles."

"You don't?" said Teddy in surprise. "Where do you hunt them?"

"In the ocean!" said Hiawatha.

"That's funny," said Teddy. "What are they doing in the ocean? But anyway," he went on, "even if you don't hunt whales in the ocean, that won't stop me from hunting. I'll get a big hook and a big fishing pole and catch them that way!"

"Bahi!" said Hiawatha. "That's not how you catch whales. You spear them with a harpoon, Teddy," said Knarf.

"What's a harpoon?" asked Teddy.

"It's like a spear. You see a whale floating on top of the water and you throw the harpoon at it. A long rope is attached to the harpoon. Then you pull the whale in."

At this moment, General Tin, the Tin Soldier, who was standing on the other side of the room, with his musket over his shoulder, spoke up.

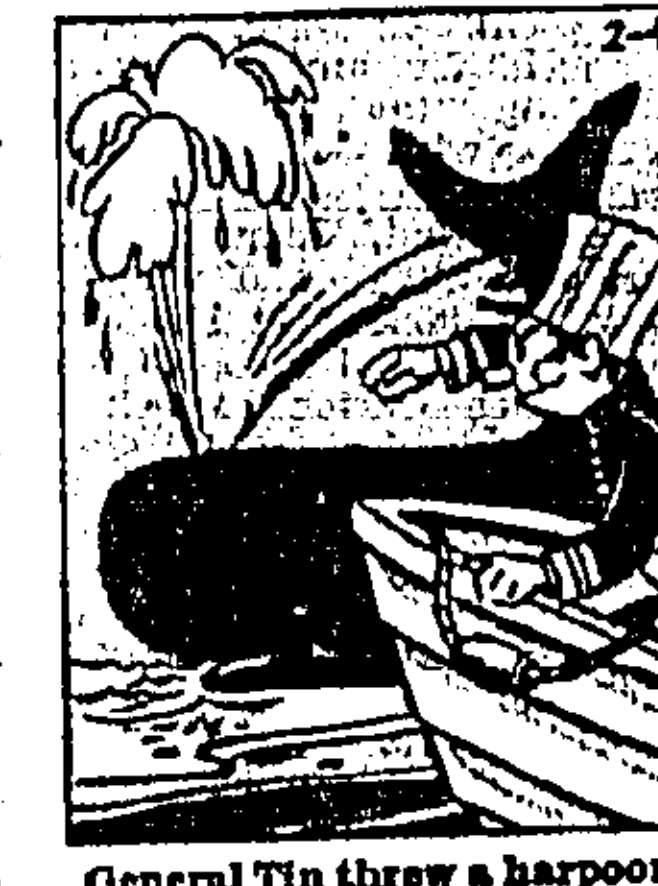
"I couldn't help overhearing what you gentlemen were saying. Did I ever tell you about the time that I went hunting for a whale?"

Knarf and Teddy and Hiawatha said they had never heard General Tin's story, although they were well aware that he was a very famous hunter.

"Make yourselves comfortable," General Tin said, "and I'll tell you exactly what happened when I went hunting for this whale."

Knarf and Teddy and Hiawatha promptly sat down on the floor at General Tin's feet. He looked down at them, smiled, cleared his throat and began.

"I was in a ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, when there, not a dozen yards away



General Tin threw a harpoon at the monstrous whale.

from me, was a monstrous whale. He was as big as a hundred bathtubs, and from his head there spouted a great fountain of water. It went up as high as a cathedral spire. What did I do?"

"You turned the ship around and went the other way," said Hiawatha shaking his head gloomily. "I mean that's what I would have done."

"Not at all," said General Tin. "Although, come to think of it, it probably is what I should have done. And I'll tell you why."

"I flung a harpoon at this monstrous whale. Instantly, he started to swim with all his might, pulling the ship after him."

"Why didn't you let go of the harpoon?" Teddy asked.

Never Lets Go

"A good hunter never lets go," said General Tin. "I hung on to the harpoon—or, rather, to the rope at the end of the harpoon—and away we all went, the whale, the ship and I. We went to the end of the Atlantic Ocean, then across the Pacific Ocean, then up again to the Arctic Ocean where the North Pole is. We went round and round the North Pole. And that's where it happened!"

"What happened?" cried Knarf and Teddy, in excitement.

"The rope broke," said General Tin. "And there I was left sitting on the North Pole, holding the harpoon in my hand, while the whale swam off. Yes, sir, there's where I was left and that's the end of the story."

"It's a wonderful story," said Knarf and Teddy.

"Bahi! If you were left sitting on the North Pole, how did you ever get back here in this room again?" Hiawatha murmured gloomily.

But General Tin didn't bother to answer this question. He just chuckled to himself.

Hobby Corner—Take Care When Using Tools

THE SAME TOOL that cuts a measured chunk off a block of wood for you, can also cut your finger off your hand.

However, there is one "safety protection" which will always save you from being hurt by your tools.

The Biblical saying, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," is worth paraphrasing for a youthful worker with tools.

"The fear of how tools can hurt you is the beginning of wisdom."

Especially if you are allowed to work with power tools, you

should always protect yourself by "the fear of being hurt."

I remember one boy who was absolutely fearless in the use of a power saw. He laughed when he saw grown men afraid to hold, with their fingers, pieces of wood shorter than four inches.

One day he was a little tired and not quite as skillful as usual. The small piece of wood which he was planing, slipped, and he lost the tips of two fingers. He was lucky. It might have been his whole hand.

Be afraid to rush, to move around fast when you use tools, either power tools or ordinary sharp tools.

Be afraid to use tools unless you have visualized what might

happen if something went wrong. A boy I know was sawing a heavy log on a "horse" rather vigorously, when he suddenly remembered this rule

of elementary caution in using tools.

He changed his position and slowed his sawing action as he approached the end of the cut. The log suddenly broke in two, knocking the sharp saw back-ward against the spot where his leg had been only a few moments before.

The boy escaped with a torn trouser leg and some ugly scratches. If he had not suddenly become "afraid" of his leg, he would have sliced his leg.

Don't forget your best "safety protection" when working with tools even in model building. The fear of how tools can hurt you is the beginning of wisdom and safety.

—By Manuel Almada

HOW MAKE A DANCING TO SERPENT

1. MARK A PIECE OF TYPING PAPER INTO A CIRCLE ABOUT 5 OR 6 INCHES ACROSS.

2. CUT OUT CIRCLE AND MARK IT INTO A SPIRAL.

3. TIE A SHORT PIECE OF TOOTHPICK TO A 48 INCH PIECE OF THREAD.

4. WITH A NEEDLE, PUT THREAD THROUGH CENTER OF SPIRAL.

NOW HANG SPIRAL OVER A TABLE LAMP AND WATCH IT DANCE IN THE HEAT OF THE LAMP.

TRACE AROUND A SMALL PLATE.

CUT CIRCLE ON SPIRAL LINE.

3. TIE A SHORT PIECE OF TOOTHPICK TO A 48 INCH PIECE OF THREAD.

4. WITH A NEEDLE, PUT THREAD THROUGH CENTER OF SPIRAL.

NOW HANG SPIRAL OVER A TABLE LAMP AND WATCH IT DANCE IN THE HEAT OF THE LAMP.

HERE'S A STUNT THAT'S good for lots of laughs. Sounds easy, but try it and see.

Put a stool right against the wall. Now stand 12 inches away from the stool. Next lean over and put your head against the wall.

Now, try to stand up straight and at the same time pick up the stool.

Brain Teasers

—Try Them

DON'T MISS the boat! Just fill in the blanks around each "boat" to find the words destined.

1. BOA — Bug.

2. B — OAT. Become swollen.

3. BO — AT. American lynx.

4. B — O — A — T. Tendency to float easily.

5. BO — A — — — T. Plant scientist.

6. B — O — A — — — T. Send radio messages.

7. — BO — — — AT. Regard with aversion.

8. — — — BO — AT. Charge with carbon dioxide.

9. B — O — A — — — T. Shirting or dress fabric.

10. B — — — O — A — — T. Chief magistrate of a German town.

BETCHA CAN'T

Here's a silly stunt that's good for lots of laughs. Sounds easy, but try it and see.

Put a stool right against the wall. Now stand 12 inches away from the stool. Next lean over and put your head against the wall.

Now, try to stand up straight and at the same time pick up the stool.

ZOO'S WHO

ONE OF NORTH AMERICA'S BEST LOVED BIRDS, THE BLACK-CAPPED CHICKADEE, ACTUALLY IS AN IMMIGRANT, COMING HERE SEVERAL MILLION YEARS AGO.

A HOG HAS A VERY KEEN SENSE OF SMELL, ESPECIALLY WHEN LOOKING FOR FOOD.

A DORMOUSE IS A SMALL RODENT THAT LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE A SQUIRREL. THE DORMOUSE WAS GIVEN THIS NAME BECAUSE IT SPENDS MOST OF ITS TIME IN A SLEEPING OR DORMANT STATE.

Rupert and the Jackdaw—5

Bill Badger wants to go down to the distant cottage but the others decide that the weather is too threatening to go far. Then they spy the village policeman taking a short cut across the common and they run to catch him up.

"Please," Rupert calls breathlessly.

"D'you know anything about Brian and Margaret in those new cottages down in the wood?"

"No, there's been no letters for them this last week or two," answers the postman. "So I can't help you. But I've no cause to think there's anything amiss."

"All right," Rupert says.

"D'you know anything about Brian and Margaret in those new cottages down in the wood?"

"No, there's been no letters for them this last week or two," answers the postman. "So I can't help you. But I've no cause to think there's anything amiss."

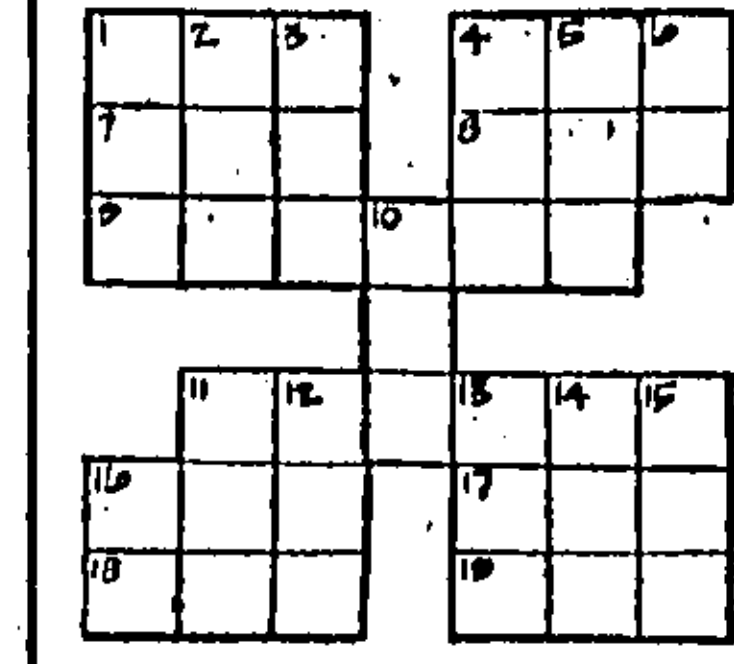
"All right," Rupert says.

"D'you know anything about Brian and Margaret in those new cottages down in the wood?"

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

Try these teasers:

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Bridle part
2. Male sheep
3. Constellation
4. Occupant
5. Newest
6. Head covering
7. Fish eggs
8. Poem
9. "Honest" Lincoln

DOWN

1. Baseball stick
2. Anger
3. Number
4. Operated
5. Craft
6. Mother
7. Social insect
8. Youth
9. Mince
10. Age
11. Convulsive cry
12. Golf mound
13. Company (abbr.)

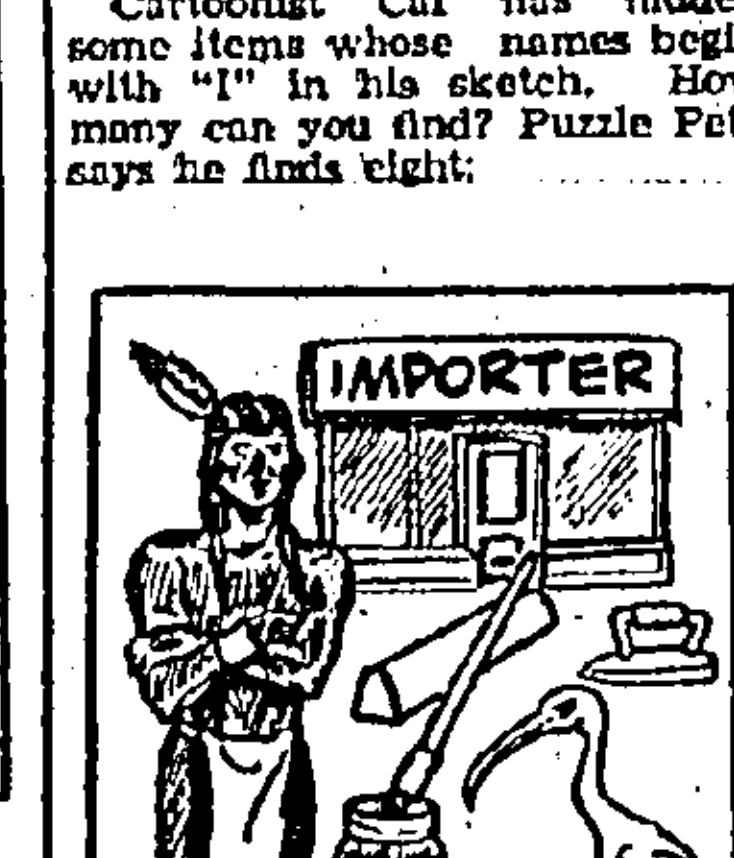
ON THE HEAD

Each of these things are worn on the head somewhere in the world. If you have trouble figuring them out, try reading them backward.

TENNIS RETNAHS-O-MAT
YBRED
TEREB
EETOT
FIIC

"I" WORDS

Cartoonist Cal has hidden some items whose names begin with "I" in his sketch. How many can you find? Puzzle Pete says he finds eight.



BODY PARTS

Can you make a part of your body from each of these words? Leave out a letter from each and mix the remaining letters up. If you need to do that to make your body part:

WARM
MAPLE
CAMEL
THREAT
BELLOW

TRIANGLE

Puzzle Pete has hung his triangle from the POLICE. The second word is "a musical drama", third "a girl's name", fourth "a boy's name" and fifth an abbreviation for "Central America." Complete the triangle:

POLICE
O
L
C
E

(Solutions on Page 29)

MONKEY SHINES

Take a shoe box, mark it with black stripes to look like a cage. Set a mirror in the back of it. Drape a cloth across the opening for a curtain. Now ask your friends if they would like to see a little monkey.

When they pull the curtain to see the monkey, they will see themselves reflected in the mirror. It's good for lots of laughs.

YOUR BIRTHDAY ...By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 7

BORN today, you must guard against becoming a victim of your own moods. You will find that you swing from great exaltation to deep depression. One moment you are filled with fire and ambition; the next you are apathetic and too filled with inertia to make a move. Unless you conquer this tendency, don't expect too much out of life. You have to cultivate self-discipline if you are to make a material success out of your life.

Otherwise, you have good judgment, are sincere, and have many latent capabilities which should be cultivated. You probably have musical talent, which should be developed from earliest childhood, especially if you are planning to make it your life work. You have an acquisitive mind and are fond of learning for the sake of acquiring knowledge. You will be considered a "bookish" person and often you prefer the company of a good book to those who have nothing unusual to chatter about.

You have a volatile emotional nature and are always sincerely sympathetic with the problems of others. You are always ready and willing to give good advice. But if this advice is not followed, you are not the one to repeat it a second time! An early marriage probably would bring you emotional stability and the incentive to force ahead. You will do anything for those you love and make any kind of self-sacrifice to bring joy to your family. You are ardent and want to be loved in return.

Among those born on this date were: Paul Gauguin, painter; Albert Sidney Burleson, statesman; John Franklin Goucher, educator; Elizabeth Bowen, British author, and Alice Nielsen, singer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star, and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may have a family problem to solve which can tax your ingenuity. A quick wit and calm attitude will always help.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Tensions may arise in the domestic circle. Don't try and patch things up today; wait for tempers to cool.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—An unexpected romance may cause havoc within the domestic circle. An engagement? Take it with pause and tact.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Curb any tendency to high-speed romance. Emotions are not to be trusted now. Consider all aspects first.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Don't be misled by some temporary infatuation. Impulses are not to be trusted. Look carefully before leaping.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Keep the emotions well under control and all goes smoothly with you. Otherwise, there can be chaos.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—There can be trouble in your stride; adjust to changed circumstances.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—There is need for display of tact today. Be diplomatic on the domestic scene and all goes well.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Don't get involved in anyone else's troubles. You have plenty of your own to straighten out just now!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Self-discipline and emotional control will help you to handle today's romantic problems wisely.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Seek inspiration from a good sermon. Forget personal troubles by helping someone else who is in need.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take a positive and constructive view of life and you will make all necessary adjustments to change.

BORN today, the moodiness of those born yesterday is increased manifold today. Your alternating cycles of temperament could lead you toward disaster unless you learn early in life to control them. Discover that a "mood" often is caused by a physical condition. You may be overfed. Your mood is one of fullness. Get some extra rest and see how much brighter the world looks. You may have been living too sedentary a life. Get out into the open. Or you may be overworked. You will find that a change of pace also changes the mood.

It is likely that you have artistic talents suited to your temperament. Your ideals are high and you become impatient if you cannot realize them. You have the ability to plan well for others but often are shortsighted when it comes to your own affairs. Generous, sympathetic and understanding, you often are imposed upon. Too often you expend your energies helping others rather than yourself.

Since your intuitions are sound, learn to follow them rather than acceding to the advice of others, even though at the time you may not be able to give a sound reason for dissent. Be careful in your selection of a marriage partner. Here, too, let your heart guide you. It will not lead you astray.

Among those born on this date were: Robert Schumann, composer; Admiral David Dixon Porter, U.S. Navy; Samuel Bowles, crusading editor and publisher; Henry Clay Trumbull, clergyman; and author; Thomas Sully, portrait painter and Frank Lloyd Wright, architect.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 9

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Start the new work week by deciding to remain calm in the face of distractions and continue to do your duty conscientiously.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Handle a matter at a distance with tact and discretion. All goes well if you make the proper decisions.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Stick closely to routine now and consider concrete plans for making the most of the next three days. A progressive period.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A cheerful, constructive and positive attitude will overcome temporary obstacles in your path of progress.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If you are feeling under the weather these days, seek medical advice. Perhaps a checkup is in order. Get it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Follow normal routine and all should be well. Don't get tangled up in another's emotional problems.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Before putting on the pressure, be sure you are right in face of distractions and continue to do your duty conscientiously.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Take the lead in some project and show enterprise. A new idea can be successfully promoted if you are smart.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—It's wise these days to find a bargain. If you need new home furnishings, this may be the time to find what you want.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Personal affairs need your close attention now. There are dubious undercurrents. Take the initiative, and act.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't undertake any major decision today. Stick closely to familiar routine and you will come out all right.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You can avoid unnecessary delay if you are astute in sizing up a situation. Act cautiously but positively.

DARTWORDS START HERE

In the 30-word circle starting point is marked by the word HYPOCRISY. The last word is the one in the HYPHOSIS. Puzzle is to plot a course from first word to last by rearranging all the letters in such a way that the relationship between the word and the one next to it is governed by one of the rules.

RULES: (1) The word must be a synonym of the word that precedes it. (2) It may be found by adding one letter to the preceding word. (3) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas. (4) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

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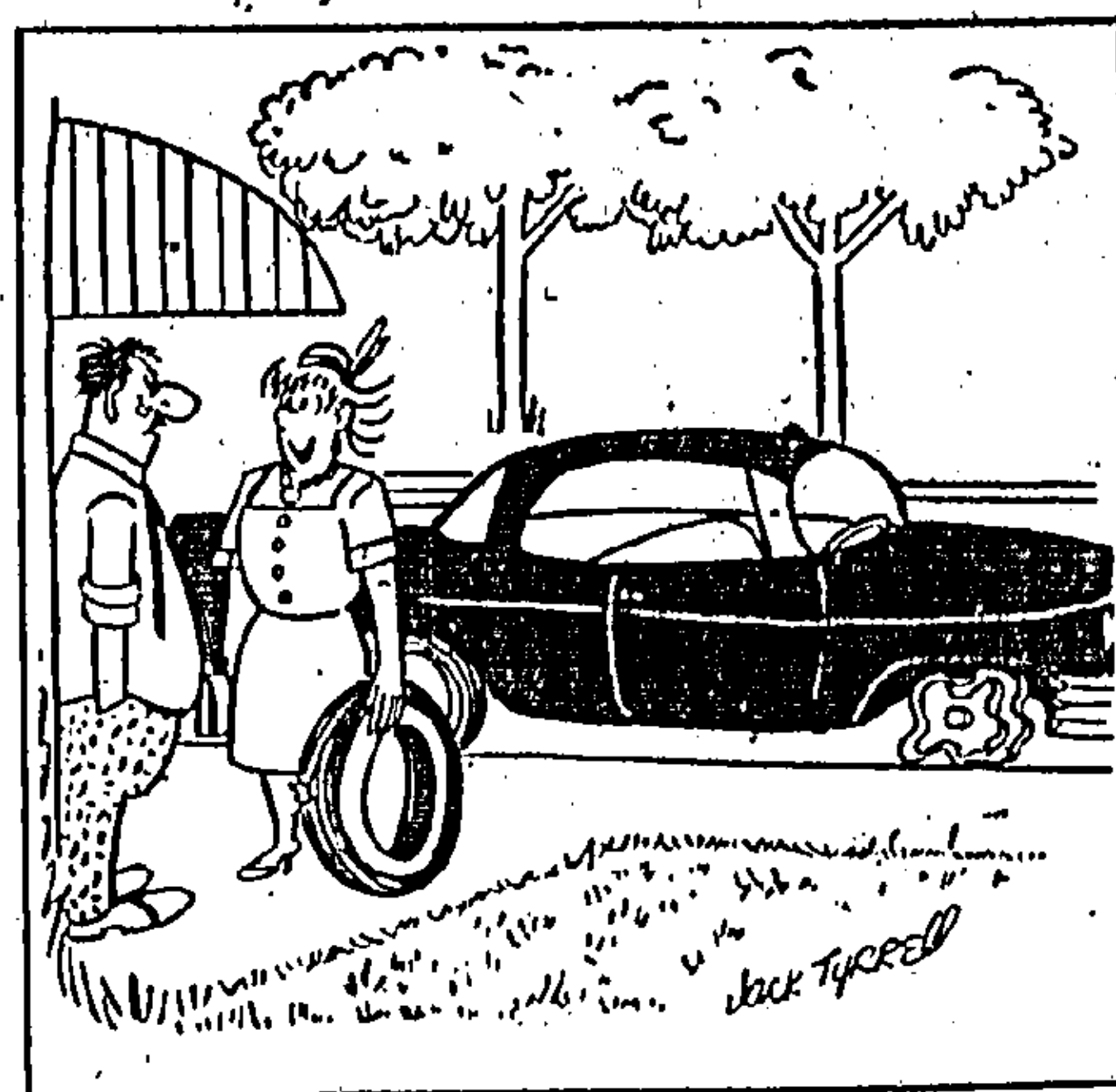
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This Funny World



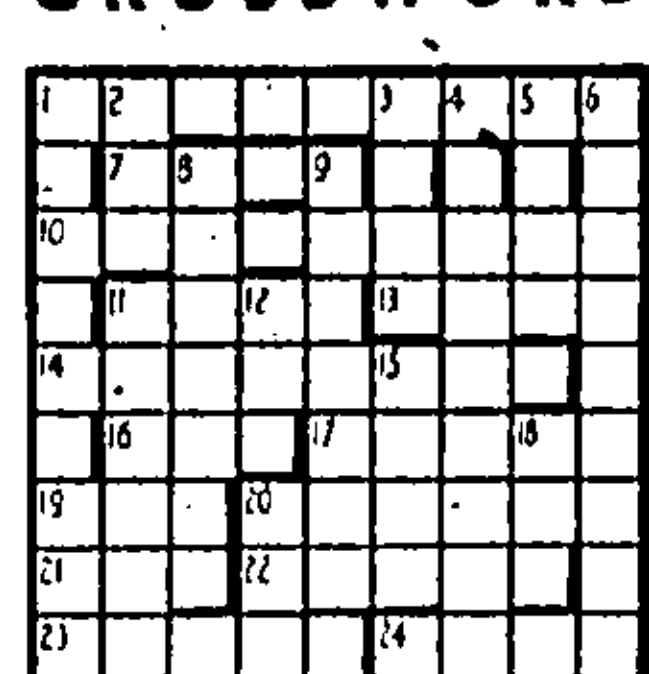
"Luckily, I remembered what you said about never driving on a flat tyre."

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

THERE is no doubt that Tiddlywinks (which is spelled Tiddlywinks in Wales) is the game of the hour. When a House of Commons team opposes Oxford University at Wembley there will be no Cup-tie rattles and funny hats, because the game as played today is more dignified than football.

As there is a Chair of Budgegic Care and Maintenance at Cambridge, there may soon be a blue for Tiddlywinks at Oxford. I have always thought that mounted Tiddlywinks, as played in the Scilly Islands, is a faster, more exciting game than any other. To bend from a galloping horse and flip the Tiddlywink into the receptacle is a test not only of skill but of balance.

CROSSWORD



- Across
1. Bring to court (9).
2. Employed (4).
3. Provided with front porch (9).
4. Round (4).
5. Chinese cash (4).
6. Slipper (6).
7. Crosses (6).
8. Threequarters of 7 Across (5).
9. Ties (4).
10. Discomber (3).
11. Lady of Troy (4).
12. Highway (8).
13. Whirlpool (4).
14. Down

1. Lovers (9).
2. Gains (4).
3. Timber (4).
4. Wilt (4).
5. Greeting (4).
6. Permanent (4).
7. Pretence (4).
8. Substance (6).
9. Gold (4).
10. A Q U I T animal (4).
11. Study (4).
12. The lady (4).
13. Down

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Deschapelles Coup Sets Bid

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH won the opening diamond with the queen and laid down the queen of clubs. Virgil Anderson Jr., of Springfield, Mo., who sat East, let that card hold and won the next lead of that suit.

Virgil saw no future in a diamond return at this point. Even though his partner should hold the ace or king the suit could never be established. Virgil also noted that there was only one entry for dummy's clubs and that maybe if he knocked that out declarer could not gather in nine tricks.

Accordingly Virgil played the king of hearts. This play constitutes the rare Deschapelles Coup named after Guillaume

NORTH 28		WEST		EAST	
764	769	Q105	8232	8232	8232
769	775	J42	108803	108803	108803
107632	107632	98	42	42	42
			AK4	AK4	AK4
SOUTH (D)		SOUTH (D)		SOUTH (D)	
AKJ	AKJ	AKJ	AKJ	AKJ	AKJ
Q753	Q753	Q753	Q753	Q753	Q753
AKQ	AKQ	AKQ	AKQ	AKQ	AKQ
Q33	Q33	Q33	Q33	Q33	Q33
Both vulnerable		Both vulnerable		Both vulnerable	
North West North East	North West North East	North West North East	North West North East	North West North East	North West North East
2NT Pass 3NT Pass	2NT Pass 3NT Pass	2NT Pass 3NT Pass	2NT Pass 3NT Pass	2NT Pass 3NT Pass	2NT Pass 3NT Pass
Pass Pass	Pass Pass	Pass Pass	Pass Pass	Pass Pass	Pass Pass
Opening lead—♦10		Opening lead—♦10		Opening lead—♦10	

Deschapelles, the great French Whist and Chess player of the 19th century.

South won the ace of hearts. There was no point holding off as Virgil would simply continue the suit. He led a third club and West let a diamond go.

Virgil led a spade which South won with the ace. South's next play was to cash the heart queen and West came through with a brilliant play of his own. He dropped the jack of hearts to make that play he would have been thrown in with that card and forced to lead up to the spades. As it was, South's last chance for the hand had gone glimmering.

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♠ Pass 2♣ Pass
3♠ Pass ?

You, South, hold:
♠ 32 ♠ A K 8 5 3 2 ♠ A K Q J
What do you do?

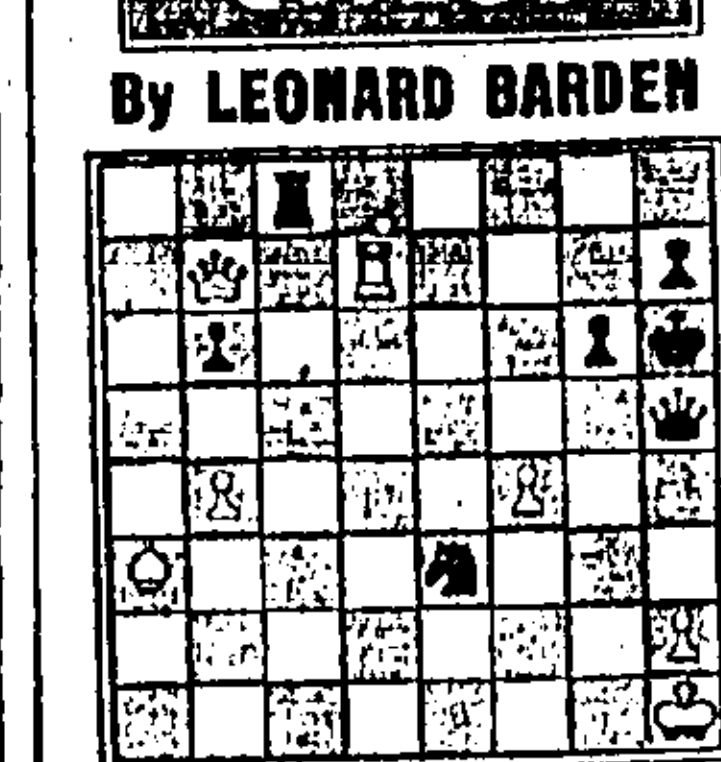
A—Since your partner can raise clubs without an honor a slam is likely. Start proceedings with a bid of three hearts.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner bids three spades over your three hearts. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a position from actual play. Black to move and win.
Solution No. 512: 1. P-B3 (R2) (threat 2 R-Q8) 2. R-B3 2 R-K10, or R-Q1; 2 R-K7, or B-QP; 2 P-R4, or R-B7; 2 Q-P3, or B-K4, or K-B4, or R-B4, or P-QP; 2 P-B4.
London Express Service

TARGET

U	A	R
E	C	M
N	L	I

How many words of four letters can you make from the letters in the square above? (No proper names, please.) No plural forms, words good; 50 words, very good; 60 words excellent. (Solution on Monday.)

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Eight more words were found: mule, mule, mule, mule, mule, mule, mule, mule. (Solution on Monday.)

(Solution on Monday)

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